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SAID THE ROSE

AND OTHER LYRICS

By George Henry Miles

CHRISTINE, AND OTHER POEMS
MOHAMMED
ESSAY ON HAMLET
LORETTA; OR, THE CHOICE. A NOVEL
THE TRUCE OF GOD. A NOVEL
THE GOVERNESS. A NOVEL

SAID THE ROSE

AND OTHER LYRICS

BY

GEORGE HENRY MILES

LATE PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN MOUNT ST. MARY'S
COLLEGE, MARYLAND

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

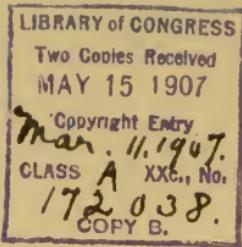
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BY FREDERICK B. MILES

GRATEFUL thanks are due to Mrs. George H. Miles, the poet's widow; to the Reverend Thomas E. Cox, pastor of St. Basil's Church, Chicago; to Professor Ernest Lagarde, of Mount St. Mary's College, Frederick Co., Maryland; to Mr. Eugene L. Didier, Baltimore, and especially to John Jerome Rooney, Esq., of New York, for their kind encouragement and invaluable help in preparing this volume.

F. B. M.

NEW YORK, February, 1907

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INTRODUCTION

MORE than thirty-five years have passed since George Henry Miles, the author of the pieces collected in this volume, died in the prime of life and promise; and Frederick B. Miles, having resolved to present in a permanent form such of his brother's writings as seemed most worthy of presentation, has asked me to write a short introduction to them.

I do this with pleasure; firstly, because I sympathize with my old friend's desire to pay this tribute to a beloved memory, and secondly, because I quite agree with him that much which came from his brother's pen is intrinsically well worth preserving, having interest and distinction;

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that some of his lyrics, notably such a lyric as *Said the Rose*, have the note of really exquisite beauty and pathos, and that in addition to his claims as a poet he is fairly entitled, both as a dramatist and a critic, to a niche, if a modest one, in the history of American Literature.

It is clear that he owed more to nature than to art, and was very intolerant sometimes of the labors of the file. It would indeed be easy to point to many poems where the distance between mediocrity and distinction is plainly measured by the absence of what patience and industry would have supplied. He was evidently one of that class which partly from temperament and partly from circumstances frequently fail to do justice to their natural qualifications and powers. Eminently receptive and sympathetic, and, even as a young boy, with strong literary tastes, he appears to have been too early thrown back on himself, finding neither sufficient stimulus

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nor nutriment in the society of his contemporaries at home and at the University. In his days there was less intellectual life in these seminaries now so alert, less stimulative emulation among the students, less love of Art and Letters, or even curiosity about them. The standard of instruction was lower, both in what it imparted and at what it aimed.

These unpropitious surroundings in early days are, one cannot but feel, far more responsible for Miles' limitations and defects than his natural parts. It was his misfortune to roam desultorily through the realms of literature without either standards or touchstones consciously or unconsciously acquired, and unlike kindred spirits in England,—such, for example, as Keats,—without any literary tradition behind him. He had not the puissant originality which enabled men like Whitman and Bret Harte to waive books and culture aside, and, drawing straight from themselves and

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from life, pursue an independent path. He was much more nearly allied both in taste and temper to the school of Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow, but he had neither their discipline, their scholarship, their leisure, nor their surroundings, for his home was Baltimore, not Boston. Nor were the circumstances under which he began, and under which he was destined to pursue his literary career, more favorable to the realization of that ideal at which every true poet instinctively and indeed necessarily aims.

The wonder is, that possessing, and in unusual measure, the gifts of the literary and dramatic craftsman, deft readiness of invention and of assimilation, and fluency and facility of expression,—the gifts, in fine, which enable men to excel in the production of what appeals to the moment,—and having also every temptation to confine himself to such productions, he should yet have kept alive a more exalted ambition

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and have remained fairly loyal to higher ideals. The world, it is true, judges men not by what might have been, but by what is, and a man is remembered only because he cannot be forgotten. Yet those who loved and admired Miles are justified in emphasizing the fact that death struck him down just when circumstances had enabled him to abandon ephemeral for solid literature and to devote himself seriously to what leads to fame. Whatever may be thought of its main thesis and of some of his minor contentions, no more vigorous, subtle, and original contribution to American Shakespearian criticism has ever been made than his *Essay on Hamlet*, written about a year before his death. This was to have been followed by similar essays on Macbeth, Othello, Henry IV, and Lear, and it was while working at these, with Macbeth half finished, that death brushed the pen out of his hands.

His life, though a very busy, was not

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an eventful one. He was born on July 31, 1824, the year in which Byron died, in the city of Baltimore, where he spent most of his short life. He received his education at Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, Frederick County, Maryland, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a beautiful picturesque spot about twelve miles south of the battlefield of Gettysburg. By special arrangement, for he was too young to enter in the regular way, he was admitted to the primary department of that college in his tenth year, and remained there, gradually passing to the higher grades, for more than nine years. He took his Bachelor's degree with honors on June 28, 1843, one month before attaining his nineteenth birthday, and his A.M. degree one year later. The nature of his education and the character generally of the college differed little from what in those days was usual in such seminaries ; but Miles, whatever he owed to

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the place intellectually, had always a great affection for it. "His love for his Alma Mater," writes one who knew him well, "its charming neighborhood, its alumni, its professors, and above all its President, the Rev. Dr. John McCaffrey, was with him a life-long passion. He loved that mountain district as Wordsworth loved the Lake Country. In after life he was never happier than when he could run up there, alone or with a friend, for a brief holiday at 'the mountain,' as they lovingly called it, and go long walks, sometimes with gun and game bag, among its vales and hills, for he was a strong athletic man and an excellent sportsman."

On leaving college he studied law in Baltimore, his native place, with J. H. B. Latrobe, a leading attorney and barrister of that city, and afterwards joined his friend E. Henry Webster, subsequently a senator, with whom he practised in partnership for a few years at the bar. But

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his heart was neither in the law nor in his business. He had early contracted a love for literature and poetry ; indeed the taste was innate in him, and he soon found, as so many others have done, that,

“Where such fairies once have danced
The grass will never grow.”

And now began, collaterally with the uncongenial profession, his literary career. There was at that time but little sympathy at Baltimore with art and letters ; the life there was too social and easy. Of congenial literary society he found almost none. The best of educations for an artist and man of letters is the reciprocity of enthusiasm and aspiration with equals and superiors ; but Miles stood almost alone. There were too few with whom he could interchange ideas ; there was almost no one to whom he could turn for guidance and counsel. In what to him was all in all there was hardly a soul who had,

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and few who even affected to have, the smallest interest. On the contrary, there were many who looked askance on a young lawyer scribbling novels and poetry when he ought to have been building up a business. But Miles went his own way, defiant and unperturbed.

In September, 1844, just after he had completed his twentieth year, he began his first tragedy, *Michael di Lando, Gonfalonier of Florence*. Between that date and the completion of the tragedy in January, 1847, he wrote three short novels : *The Truce of God*, *Loretto*, and *The Governess*. One brought him a prize ; each one became very popular and passed through many editions ; indeed they are still in continual demand, particularly as school prizes. In addition to these novels he wrote a number of fugitive pieces, both in poetry and prose, the greater portion of which remains still uncollected. In January, 1847, *Di Lando* was sent to Edwin Forrest, at that time the

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leading American tragedian and an enthusiastic patron of promising dramatic ability. Forrest was a man of noble character, who did all in his power to raise the character of the drama in America. He offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original tragedy by an American writer. He established also near Philadelphia, his native place, a home for aged and indigent actors, amply endowed, which remains still a worthy memorial of his philanthropy.

Though Miles' play of *Di Lando* was not accepted by Forrest, he read it carefully and formed a very favorable opinion of the talents of the young dramatist. On returning the manuscript on January 10, 1848, he wrote to him at length, giving him much friendly advice, and suggesting that he should compete for the prize of one thousand dollars which he had publicly offered for the best original tragedy in five acts. Miles was not slow in respond-

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ing to this suggestion. He set vigorously to work, and produced a tragedy on the subject of Mohammed. How he fared is recorded in the following letter from Forrest:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7, 1848.

To GEORGE H. MILES, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished reading the large number of MSS. with which my countrymen have favored me in consequence of certain proposals made by me in June, 1847. Among all the plays which have been presented to me I do not find one that I could venture to put upon the stage; but as your tragedy of Mohammed has been considered superior to all the others as a dramatic poem I herein enclose you a cheque for the sum of one thousand dollars.

It is my intention to visit Baltimore in a few days, where I hope to have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance.

With sentiments of the highest esteem,

I am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

EDWIN FORREST.

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Young Miles may well have been proud of his triumph, for there were nearly a hundred competitors; but he afterwards said with characteristic modesty, “Mine was the best of a bad bunch.” Not long afterwards he met Forrest, and they became and remained intimate friends during the rest of their lives. In 1850 *Mohammed* was published. It justified Forrest’s verdict, for though it was frequently performed, it was not a success on the stage. It has both too much and too little action, stagnating in the first part in diffuse protracted dialogues, and in the fourth and fifth acts overweighted with multiplicity of incident. It lacks proportion and balance. *Mohammed* is simply the Mohammed of history cleverly galvanized. The minor characters, though with enough individuality to present them in contrast, remain little more than lay figures. And yet it has good touches, as when Sophian exclaims,

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. . . Who consigned my life
unto thy keeping?

Mohammed. Thou — by blasphemy!

or again:

Moh. . . . Love blinds thee, Fatima.

Fat. I must be blind.

I see no pity in a father's heart.

The year after *Mohammed* was published Miles was sent by the United States government as bearer of diplomatic despatches to the Court of Spain. This mission included also another special duty. A large picture with life-size figures for the rotunda of the capitol at Washington was now in course of designing, and it was necessary to obtain authentic representations of sixteenth-century Spanish armor, military costumes, weapons, flags, and the like, to assist the artist. These Miles was instructed to procure. The subject of the picture was the discovery of the Mississippi River by the famous Spanish

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explorer, Hernando de Soto. This drew Miles' attention to the romantic career of that extraordinary man, and suggested his third tragedy, *De Soto*, produced some four years later. From Spain he made a short journey to Italy for a visit to an uncle, his father's brother, who lived in Florence. Then, returning to Baltimore, he resumed his dramatic and other literary labors, but found it uphill work, though he made some political speeches which were well received.

Restless and dissatisfied, he resolved to quit Baltimore for New York, hoping to find a more interesting and profitable career. Here for a time he remained, and found some very good friends, one of them E. W. Tiers, whose daughter he afterwards married, but made no headway professionally ; so, abandoning New York, he returned to his mingled law and literature at Baltimore. This was a great mistake ; he should have tried Boston !

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In 1854 Miss Laura Keene, the popular English actress, produced a comedy written by him, *Blight and Bloom*, which had for a time a great run in New York and other cities. At this time the Crimean War broke out, and in 1855 a spirited ballad from his pen, *Inkermann*, commemorated a battle which inspired many other poets on the opposite side of the Atlantic. In the following year his tragedy of *De Soto* was produced by James E. Murdoch, an actor then very eminent and second in popularity only to Forrest. It was acted with great success at two theatres at Baltimore, Murdoch himself taking the principal part, and for many years it continued to be played in all parts of the country. It seems now a rather extravagant production in the style of the heroic plays of the Restoration and is no longer performed.

Miles sometimes varied his literary pursuits with lecturing, visiting, among other places, Boston, where he met Emerson,

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Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Holmes. One of his friends, George Sumner, who had accompanied him to Europe when he made the journey to Spain, introduced him to his brother Charles, the senator, who was then one of the most prominent advocates for the abolition of slavery. With all or most of these eminent men he became more or less intimate. George Sumner visited him afterwards in Baltimore. It is greatly to be regretted that shortly before his death Miles destroyed nearly all his correspondence, so that none of the letters he is known to have exchanged with them have been preserved. Meanwhile he had produced many of the poems which were afterwards collected in the “Christine” volume, and an interesting letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes addressed to Mr. Fields the publisher, who had asked his opinion of three of the poems,—namely, *Inkermann*, *Sleep on!* afterwards published as *Beatrice*, and *Raphael Sanzio*,—was

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published by Mrs. Fields in the Century Magazine of February, 1895. The letter was as follows :

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS,—I return the three poems you sent me, having read them with much gratification. Each of them has its peculiar merits and defects, as it seems to me, but all show poetical feeling and artistic skill.

Sleep on! is the freshest and most individual in its character. You will see my pencil comment at the end of it. *Inkermann* is comparatively slipshod and careless, though not without lyric fire and vivid force of description. *Raphael Sanzio* would deserve higher praise if it were not so closely imitative.

In truth, all these poems have a genuine sound; they are full of poetical thought and breathed out in softly modulated words. The music of *Sleep on!* (now called *Beatrice*) is very sweet, and I have never seen heroic verse in which the rhyme was less obtrusive or the rhythm more diffuent. Still it would not be fair to speak in these terms of praise without pointing out the transparent imitativeness which is common to all these poems.

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Inkermann is a poetical Macaulay stewed. The whole flow of its verse and resonant passion of its narrative are borrowed from the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. There are many crashing lines in it and the story is rather dashingly told, but it is very inferior in polish, and even correctness, to both the other poems. I have marked some of its errata.

Raphael, good as it is, is nothing more than Browning browned over. Every turn of expression, and the whole animus, so to speak, is taken from those poetical monologues of his. *Call it* an imitation and it is excellent.

The best of the three poems, then, is *Sleep on!* I see Keats in it, and one or both of the Brownings; but though the form is borrowed the passion is genuine, the fire has passed along there, and the verse has followed before the ashes were quite cool.

Talent, certainly; taste very fine for the melodies of language; deep, quiet sentiment. Genius? If beardless, yea; if in sable silvered, — and I think this cannot be a very young hand, — why then . . . we will suspend our opinion.

Faithfully yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

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Miles wrote *Inkermann* at the age of 30, *Sleep on!* at 31, and *Raphael Sanzio* when just 32.

At Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, in 1858, his five-act comedy *Señor Valiente* was produced with the distinguished actor J. W. Wallack in the leading part. This was one of the most successful of his dramas and had a great run, being acted simultaneously at Baltimore, New York, and Boston. At Philadelphia it was played by a very distinguished caste,—Wallack, Wheatleigh, J. S. Clarke, and Mrs. John Drew,—all of whom were artists of the first class. In calling it a “comedy” Miles was presumably using the word in the Spanish sense, as it recalls, though not in diction or merit, the comedies of De Vega and Calderon. Perhaps the most which can be said is that it shows that Miles had become no contemptible craftsman in melodrama.

He now became employed in writing

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and adapting pieces for the stage. He had become very intimate with John T. Ford, the well-known manager,—a kind and good man, who was the director of two theatres, one in Baltimore, another in Washington. For him Miles produced in 1859 a three-act comedy, *Mary's Birthday*, a sprightly trifle, which had a long run in Boston. He wrote another, *The Seven Sisters*, a play which had a direct bearing on the momentous question then agitating the country, the Seven Sisters symbolizing the seven states who were the first to secede in the great Civil War. This drama ran for two winters in New York, the winters, namely, of 1861 and 1862.

But before the production of this play he had undertaken duties very different from those in which he had hitherto been engaged. In September, 1858, he had been invited to fill the chair of English Literature at his old university, Mount

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Saint Mary's, his appointment being synchronous with the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college. It was for this occasion that he wrote the most vigorous of his poems, *Aladdin's Palace*, which he recited at the celebration. The poem must have astonished those who knew Miles only by the sort of work with which his name was popularly associated. To the younger members of his audience it must have rung out like a trumpet call. With all the enthusiasm of Emerson and with a trenchant power which at times recalls Churchill at his best, he denounces all that was then degrading and emasculating a large part of American society and politics,—the gross materialism, the sordid greed, the cult of mediocrity, the puny frivolity, the neglect of everything in education, theory, and example that elevates and refines:

O land of Lads and Liberty and Dollars !
O Nation first in schools and last in scholars !

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Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely
 spell;
Of what avail that science light the way
When dwindling Senates totter to decay,—
Like some tall poplar withered at the head,
Our middle green, but all the summit dead.

. . . . great Diana! when we're only known
In courts where Adams trod and Franklin shone,
By mute Ambassadors who grandly scorn to
Maim any language save the one they're born to.

. . . . Of what avail the boast of steam and cable
If doomed to grovel 'neath the curse of Babel?

The lads who listened to him were
not likely to forget such a couplet as the
following:

Toil on, toil on, there's no such word as fail,
Heaven sends the wind if we but set the sail.

How admirably is a type of man, com-
mon in every age, sarcastically hit off in
this:

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Too modest to bestow lest men applaud,
Faith just too feeble to invest with God ;
Just zeal sufficient to shun godless knowledge,
And just too little to endow a college !

And there is beauty and true pathos in the following, where he is looking back on one of America's typical heroes, Daniel Webster :

Know ye the fields that smooth the Pilgrim coast,
The lawn's soft slope in azure ocean lost,
The garden bounded by the billow's foam,
The gables stately as a Baron's home ?
Approach : along the cornland and the wold
October dies in crimson and in gold ;
That giant elm has scarce a score of leaves
To shade the voiceless nest beneath the eaves.
See the bright Sabbath morning silent break,
Save where the wild-fowl fans his tiny lake,
Save where, with ceaseless wail, the warning sea
Chants its one awful word — “Eternity.”
Ah, Seth, unload the rifle — coil the line —
Let the coot fly — the haddock lash the brine —
O'er the mute hills, untracked, the wild deer
run —
The angler sleeps — thy hunter's deeds are done !

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Steal in with muffled tread — the struggle past,
Released from thought, the grand brow rests at
last.

.
Folded the hands that never rose in wrath
Unless to sweep a traitor from his path ;
Dim the dark eye before whose rapt command
Disunion, like a spectre, fled the land.

In the year following his appointment to the chair at Mount Saint Mary's he was married to Miss Adeline Tiers, whose father, like himself, an alumnus of Saint Mary's, he had known from boyhood. Some years back his parents had bought a country place, "Hayland," near the college, and, on the marriage of his daughter, Mr. Tiers presented the young couple with a charming country house known as "Thornbrook" not far from Hayland, so that he was most happily settled close to his own and to his wife's parents.

His restless energy did not confine itself to the duties of his chair, and he continued his dramatic and other literary work. For-

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rest had commissioned him to write a tragedy on Oliver Cromwell, but retired from the stage before the drama was completed. But Ford took the play over in conjunction with E. L. Davenport, who on Forrest's decline had become the leading tragedian in America. His *Hamlet* is historical and still remembered. But *Cromwell*, though finished, was not performed. Poor Ford had been completely prostrated by a terrible catastrophe,—the destruction of his theatre at Washington by fire, attended, unhappily, with the loss of many lives,—and Davenport, after an eight weeks' engagement in Philadelphia, had been disabled by gout. “I live in the hope,” he says in a letter to Miles, “to produce *Cromwell* some day not very distant.” But the day not very distant never arrived. Davenport died while the play was in rehearsal, and *Oliver Cromwell* remained, and still remains, in manuscript.

And now the great Civil War convulsed

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the country between 1861 and 1865, and all was distress and turmoil. Both the Northern and the Southern armies swept over the formerly peaceful homes at Mount Saint Mary's to the battlefield at Gettysburg. As Maryland was a border Southern state, Miles and his family naturally sympathized with the South, and his brother-in-law and one of his brothers served in the Southern army. He himself took no active part in the war, but he wrote and published several spirited songs, himself setting them to music.¹ Of these the best are undoubtedly *God save the South*, and *Where is the Freeman Found*, which, though perhaps not equal to Whittier's effusions in the cause of the North, were effective at the moment and are still preserved. With these were also a ballad in negro dialect, *Contraband Now*, and a graphic little idyl, *Bill and I*, which, as it anticipated Bret Harte by six

¹ The songs with music are published by Novello & Co.

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years, is truly remarkable, being distinctly in the Bret Harte vein and rivalling his work.

The war had little effect on Miles' literary industry, for while it was in full career he produced a fifth tragedy in five acts entitled *Afraja the Sorcerer*, founded on the novel *Afraja* by Henry Mügge, the scene being laid in Norway and Lapland, but it was never performed. This was followed in rapid succession by several dramas, original or adapted: *The Parish Clerk*, *Emily Chester*, dramatized from a novel of that name; *Love and Honor*, from the French of Emile Girardin; *The Old Curiosity Shop*, from Dickens; and a five-act tragedy, *Thiodolf the Icelander*, from La Motte Fouqué's novel of the same name. None of these had much success, and will be, probably deservedly, forgotten. Some of them were for John T. Ford, he and Miles continuing always close friends.

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In 1864 this drudgery, if it was drudgery to him, was suspended by another journey to Europe, this time to Florence. He went on business, to settle the estate of his uncle Henry Miles, who had appointed him his executor. Miles must have revelled in the beauties and associations of a place already so familiar to him through his studies and his previous visit. The little poem, *La Velata*, inspired by one of the pictures in the Pitti Palace, is indicative no doubt of the way in which many another masterpiece in those glorious galleries must have affected him. Here, too, many of the most characteristic poems of his favorite poet Browning, whose home had been for many years within a stone's throw of the galleries, would appeal to him as they could never have appealed before. It is in the poems written after this visit to Florence that the influence of Browning on Miles' work becomes most apparent. Pity it is that they never met;

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but Browning, prostrated by the recent death of his wife, had just left Florence for England.

On his return to America, Miles contributed to one of the magazines an article recording some of the impressions made upon him by his visits to Italy, under the title of "Glimpses of Tuscany," but he took no particular pains with it. And now his friends persuaded him to make a selection from the numerous poems, most of them short and occasional, which for many years he had been scattering profusely, partly for his own amusement and partly to serve various purposes, through the columns of newspapers and periodicals. This at last he consented to do, making *Christine*, the only ambitious effort in poetry which he had ever completed, the centrepiece of the volume. And so, in 1866 appeared *Christine, A Troubadour's Song, and Other Poems*. On the poems published in that volume and those con-

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tained in this present one, whatever reputation Miles can claim as a lyric poet must rest.

In the summer of 1866 he resigned his professorship at Mount Saint Mary's, but continued to live near the college in his home at Thornbrook until his death. What can never be sufficiently regretted is that he did not devote himself more to what occupied only a subordinate place in his work,—his Shakespearian critical studies,—instead of to what occupied the greater part of his time; *i. e.* contributions to ephemeral drama. But those taskmasters, or sirens, the stage and journalism, which have been and will continue to be perilous snares for so many a man whose natural parts have qualified him for a higher sphere of activity, seldom suffer their thralls to escape them. Between 1868 and 1869 Miles produced for John T. Ford a comic musical burlesque, *Abou Hassan the Wag*, from the *Arabian Nights*, together with

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the music for the songs, *The Maid of Mayence*, in four acts, which was very successful and had a long run at the great Boston Theatre, with Mrs. D. P. Bowers as heroine; *Behind the Scenes, or The Girl of the Period*, a comedy; and lastly, *The Picture of Innocence*, a farce; and with this his long series of contributions to the stage was destined to close.

While engaged on these works he had also been busy with a study of *Hamlet*. It was originally designed for a popular lecture to be delivered by Edwin Forrest, and afterwards published as a manual arranged to be used as a text-book for advanced classes in English Literature. As he himself says in writing to a friend distinguished as an educator to whom he sent a copy of *Hamlet*: “An experience of seven years’ teaching has convinced me of the value of the masterpieces of the great dramatist as a means of education. It is my intention to follow this essay with

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others on *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Henry IV.*"

With Edwin Forrest the following correspondence appeared on the subject :

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1868.

GEO. H. MILES, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR,—I duly received your favor of 6th inst. and beg you will not hurry yourself to furnish me the copy of *Hamlet* as I am quite willing to wait your own convenience in the matter. So don't be nervous, but "use all gently." *Hamlet* is the subject of most importance, and much that is new, entirely new to the public, may be evolved in a philosophical consideration of this character, which, it has been truly said, scarcely any two minds can contemplate from the same point of view.

I regret to hear you have not been well, &c.

• • • • •
Sincerely Yours,

EDWIN FORREST.

By the autumn of the same year the *Essay on Hamlet* was finished and sent to Forrest. How it fared and what Forrest thought of it will be seen from the following :

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PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 9, 1868.

GEO. H. MILES, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR,—I have carefully read and duly considered your article on Hamlet, and have come to the conclusion that it is better fitted for a literary review than to serve my purpose as an oral lecture to the public. In a periodical like the *North American Review*, in the new light with which you have illumined the subject, it would be read by both scholars and students of Shakespeare with an increased interest and intention. But it is my honest belief that it would most signally fail, upon the minds of a miscellaneous audience, to produce the desired effect of a popular lecture.

Yours truly and sincerely,

EDWIN FORREST.

The reasons for Forrest's decision can only be conjectured. Perhaps there was too much of it, for otherwise a lecture better adapted for a popular audience could scarcely be imagined. Full of enthusiasm and fire, lucid and picturesque, trenchant and eloquent in expression, it could scarcely fail to move and carry

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away such an assembly as it was designed to appeal to. If it failed in its effect, it would fail just where Forrest thought or represented that it would be most likely to succeed,—in the study with the cool critic. The probability is that Forrest totally dissented, as he may well have done, from Miles' view of Hamlet's character, and that, knowing the play as such an artist would be likely to know it, he knew that some at least of Miles' contentions were untenable.

The *Essay on Hamlet*, with all its extravagance and delusions, is a remarkable contribution to Shakespearian criticism. None but a man of genius could have produced it, a man who, had he fortified and disciplined natural gifts with what study and reflection could supply, would have developed into a really great critic. It is not necessary here either to analyze the essay or to dwell on what is palpably untenable in its theories, such as its con-

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tention that Hamlet's arrest at sea was the result of an arrangement which he had himself made with the pirates, or that far from being the incarnation of weakness and irresolution he was the incarnation of deliberation and strength, or that the killing of the king was not the result of sudden impulse, but the calculated climax of long laid and carefully elaborated schemes concealed even from Horatio. But nothing could be more admirable than his remarks on the characters of Ophelia and the Queen, on the wisdom of Hamlet's irresolution, both precedent and subsequent to the play-scene, on the reasonableness of his distrust of Ophelia. How excellent is the following! He is commenting on the way in which Hamlet persists in deferring the blow.

Who has not recognized in some degree the charm of the suspended claw, or comprehended the stern joy of the lion in his lair? The crimes of this sceptred fratricide are stale; the

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murdered man is dust ; his widow old in incest ; there is no fresh living horror to clamor for instant retribution. Indeed there is no adequate retribution possible except such as the soul of the avenger can find in saturating itself with the spectacle of its victim. The naked fact of killing the king would be poor revenge save as the climax of antecedent torture,— not physical, but mental and spiritual torture. For when mind and heart are outraged they seek to be avenged in kind. To haunt that guilty court like a spectre ; to hang destruction by a hair above the throne ; to wean his mother from her low cleaving ; to vex the state with turbulent and dangerous lunacy ; to make that sleek usurper quail and cower in every conflict ; to lash him with unsparing scorn ; to foil him at every turn ; to sting him to a new crime ; to drag him from his throne a self-convicted felon, and, ultimately with one crowning sword-thrust to make all even,— this is the nearest approach to *atonement* of which the case is susceptible.

In his excellent remarks on the mistake of the division which now ends the *Third Act* and dismisses the characters

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after (*Exeunt severally*; *Hamlet dragging in Polonius*), instead of with the scene closing after the passing of Fortinbras' army in the present *Fourth Act*, Scene IV, we have a convincing plea for a re-arrangement of that portion of the drama. And well worthy of consideration are his reasons:

Ending here, the interval consumed by the voyage to England, the return of Laertes from Paris, and the expedition of Fortinbras to Poland and back, is thrown between the acts,—its natural place. Greek tragedy, restricted by its organic law to the culmination of events, was necessarily an unbroken march from its prologue to its catastrophe. Modern tragedy, aiming rather at the development of character through a series of events, has wisely divided these events into groups separated from each other by the interposition of a curtain. By this brief but total eclipse of the fictitious world, the mind is prepared for intervals of time or space. A year elapsed or an ocean crossed during the fall of that mysterious screen does less violence to the imagination than the supposition of a month between consecutive scenes.

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Again, his vindication of the famous “cuts” in the Folio, though pressed into the service of his very questionable theory as to certain sides of Hamlet’s character, and his contention that they probably came from Shakespeare himself, show great acumen. But what strikes us most in the essay is not only the intensity of the critic’s sympathetic appreciation of the poet’s work, but its penetrative insight into its essence. To the uninitiated the following passage may sound like verbiage, but the initiated will feel its force and know its truth,—at least as symbol:

Seeing Nature with Shakespeare’s eye is like reading the Heavens with a glass of infinite range and power; wonder on wonder rolls into view; systems, dependencies, mysteries, relations, never before divined; tokens of other atmospheres, gleams of erratic luminaries that seem to spurn all law yet move obedient to one complex impulse; glimpses of courier light cleaving the vast immensity on its way to our yet unvisited world; and all the while, the soul

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uplifted by the vision is flooded with the very music of the spheres.

That a man with the powers and qualifications indicated in this essay should, in consequence partly of his surroundings and partly of circumstances, have never been enabled to develop them as they deserved, is indeed to be regretted. But this is not all that has to be mourned. The *Essay on Hamlet*, which appeared in book form in 1870, was to have been followed by similar essays on four other tragedies of Shakespeare, but while he was busily engaged with the essay on Macbeth, he was attacked suddenly with a fatal malady,—Bright's disease,—and six months later he succumbed, passing quietly away in the early morning of July 23, 1871, just eight days before completing his forty-seventh year.

Miles was a man greatly beloved and respected by all who knew him, of handsome presence and singularly engaging

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manners. “He was,” says one who knew him well, “a loving, kindly soul, always joyous, genial, and inspiring, never dull or gloomy. His heart went out to all, especially to children; it was a grief to him that he had none of his own. He was a good son, brother, husband, friend, and a most winning, agreeable companion.” In society, both at Baltimore and New York, he was a great favorite, as many still remember. Socially and professionally he was brought into contact and was more or less intimate with many interesting and notable people, was one of the committee to receive Thackeray and other literary visitors to Baltimore. Unfortunately no records of this phase of his life remain, as shortly before his death he destroyed nearly all his correspondence. Could he have lived a little longer, he would have met Sidney Lanier, who first came to Baltimore the very year that Miles died.

The poems published in 1866, together

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with others recently collected for this edition, represent Miles' best work in verse. They are of very unequal merit; the best are undoubtedly the Lyrics. *Christine*, the most ambitious of them, is a romantic story of love and beauty and chivalry resembling in character Byron's *Bride of Abydos* and Scott's *Lay of the last Minstrel*. Based on an old Provençal legend, with a mediæval touch of miracle and a faint expression of religious symbolism of the time of the first crusade, it is supposed to be recited by a wandering troubadour before Richard Cœur de Lion and his queen and court in their camp at Acre, in Palestine, just as Philip Augustus has deserted the crusaders and is sailing home to France. The poem will be read with pleasure by those who are attracted by a species of poetry which has always been an exotic in our literature, and who find in picturesque descriptions of nature, in successions of

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vividly embodied pageants, and in excellent and most skilfully modulated rhythm, compensation for falsetto and unreality. It is always perilous and often fatal for a poet to attempt excursions like these. In poetry impossibilities are only tolerable as the expression of symbolism or when in their presentation the workmanship exceeds the material. But in every part it calls aloud for recension and the file. These two stanzas are excellent :

They have left the lands where the tall hemp
springs,
Where the clover bends to the bee ;
They have left the hills where the red vine
flings
Her clustered curls of a thousand rings
Round the arms of the mulberry tree.

They have left the lands where the walnut lines
The roads, and the chestnuts blow ;
Beneath them the thread of the cataract shines,
Around them the plumes of the warrior pines,
Above them the rock and the snow.

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And again, the *Bridesmaids' Greeting* has a fine touch, beginning thus :

Sister, standing at Love's golden gate,
Life's second door —
Fleet the maiden-time is flying,
Friendship fast in love is dying,
Bridal fate doth separate
Friends evermore.

As O. W. Holmes remarked of them, many of the poems which have yet intrinsically much merit recall too nearly the echo of the works of other poets. Thus *Raphael Sanzio* and *San Sisto* are echoes showing the influence of Browning's *Andrea del Sarto* and other poems ; Miles himself would not have denied this. But they are echoes above the reach of a mere imitator. One marks with an asterisk :

. . . when

Our dreams at once are deeds — when upward goes
The curtain from the clouded soul, and art
Flames all her unveiled Paradise before us,

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which is at least vigorous. Nor would the master himself have disdained what is embodied in the dying Raphael's

She'll find her way to Heaven, if I am there
Before her.

And in the *San Sisto* the poet points out what the art critics fail to see, or say, namely : that as is clearly indicated by the footstool angels, the figures in the picture are standing before the Eternal Throne.

Browning's *Pretty Woman* is faintly recalled in *A Card from the Violets*, and again in *Lazarus* and *The King's Speech*, both of which, just in his manner, wreath figurative perplexity round simple conceptions. Yet they are distinctly not imitations. The best of the longer poems is *Beatrice*, as O. W. Holmes noticed when he saw it in its original form. It owes much to Keats, something perhaps to the Brownings and to Tennyson's vein in *Love and Beauty*, but the poem as a whole

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is a really beautiful one, with a beauty not imitative. From none but a poet's finely touched spirit could have come such verses as the following :

Sleep on,

My lost one,—each will walk the world alone,
Since Heaven so wills it ; with thy daily cares
Thou wilt deal calmly, and thy guardian
prayers
Shall follow me,
For O, it seems as if the stream that ran
Beside my soul were dry, and all things have
A withered look ; the sunbeam on the wave
No longer dances,—the cold clouds refuse
Their sunset glow,—the unsought roses lose
Their perfumed blushes,—dimly wandereth
The moon amid the tree-tops, pale as death,
Weary and chill,—and I can scarce rejoice
In music's benediction, and the voice
Of friendship sounds like solemn mockery.
. Yet fear not
The future ; I shall bravely front my lot
With the one rapture manhood ne'er foregoes,
The stately joy of mastering its woes.

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Inkermann, though very spirited, has little to distinguish it from other imitations of Macaulay and Aytoun. Of the love lyrics *The Last Snow-Wreath* is very charming, and *She will return* is a pleasing variant of Browning's *A Woman's Last Word*, as also is *Under the Tree, Love*. By far the best of the lyrics is *Said the Rose*, which, but for a trifling flaw or two in the workmanship, such as the jarring Poe echo, "rare and radiant metal," and a few strained rhymes like "From my leaves no odors started," would be a gem. The touch,

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light,

is exquisite. It may with truth be said of this little poem, that no Anthology of American poetry would be complete without it. Of the sentimental songs, many of which are pretty trifles without distinction, the best is *Gabriel's Song*. But among

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these songs is a little idyl which, especially as it anticipated Bret Harte by six years, is truly remarkable. It is *Bill and I*. The conclusion is a little cumbrous and obscure, illustrating a defect only too characteristic of Miles,—his intolerance of the labor of the file.

One of his most pleasing poems is certainly that written at Chillon on his attaining his fortieth year. There is here a combination of grace and dignity in expression not usual with him, as well as touches of true pathos.

Let me end by repeating what I said when I began. It would be absurd to claim for Miles a high place, judging him by his actual achievement, even among the minor poets of his country, so scanty were the productions in which he did justice to his powers. But to an enduring place among them he is entitled, and it is a distinctive one. This is the justification of the present collection,—at once a tribute of

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respect and affection to a beloved memory, and it is to be hoped a not unacceptable gift to the lovers of poetry. Such a career as is here sketched is, both from its association with American dramatic history and popular literature, as well as in its record of manifold literary activity, of no ordinary interest, while the very least that can be said for such poems as *Said the Rose*, *Beatrice*, *Gabriel's Song*, *Bill and I*, and *The last Snow-Wreath*, is that they must always please; and what always pleases ought not to be forgotten.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

SAID THE ROSE AND
OTHER LYRICS

SAID THE ROSE AND OTHER LYRICS

SAID THE ROSE

I AM weary of the Garden,
Said the Rose ;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose ;
She will take me to her chamber
Where the honeysuckles clamber
And I 'll bloom there all December
'Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the Bee !
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

Said the Rose

And she fixed me in her bosom
Like a star ;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
That they are.

And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light ;
And, I said, “ Instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I’ll watch my Mistress sleeping
Every night.”

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded,
Old and colorless and faded
I had grown.

Said the Rose

Not a drop of dew was on me,
 Never one ;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
 In the sun.

Still, I said, her smile is better
 Than the rain ;
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
 Young again.

So she took me . . . gazed a second . . .
 Half a sigh . . .
Then, alas, can hearts so harden ?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden
 There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
 In my fall !
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
 Like a pall.

Said the Rose

There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair ;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts or near it
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

RAPHAEL SANZIO

KEEP to the lines — strain not a hair beyond :
Nature must hold her laws e'en against Hell.

There you o'ershoot the mark an inch — you paint

A lie a minute. Giulio, keep the lines —
The lines — *my* lines ! They tell the very worst

The devil can do with flesh — let Angelo
Do more. I want no second Spasimo,
No miracles of muscle : on the Mount
Is miracle enough — the radiant change
Of man to Diety : no need to make
The boy a fiend outright — for see you not,
Though God's own likeness lives there in His Son,

Ours is not lost. So keep the lines, nor hope
To mend their meaning. Wrong again ? Henceforth

Raphael Sanzio

Reserve your brush to gild the booth, or deck
Street corners. Friends, forsooth—*you* Raphael's
friend —

And yet you will not keep my lines — the last
This hand shall ever trace? — By Bacchus,
sir,

It had made the hot blood of old Pietro boil
Had I e'er crazed his purpose so. Have done
With this: your lampblack darkens all the air.
Must you o'erride me with that wild, coarse
soul

Of yours? My hand is still upon the rein :
There's time enough to run your fiery race
When I am gone? Why, what a burst of
tears?

I am not dying: wherefore do you stare,
With such a frightened love, into my face?
Your hand all palsied? Ah, I see it now —
You feel too much for me to feel for art.
Forgive my first unkindness: by and by,
When I am out of sight, and manly grief
Has done with tear and tremor — then, some
day,

When your good hand is steady and you feel
The stirring of the true God — to your brush,
And keep my lines!

Raphael Sanzio

This is my birthday, Giulio ;
The last one here — the first, perhaps, in Heaven,
With our dear angels. 'T was a grain too
much,
That brief about restoring ancient Rome :
His Holiness and I, we both forgot
Raphael was human. Princely favor, sometimes,
Falls over-heavy like the Sabine bracelet.
For those damp vaults — their chill struck to my
heart
Like the sharp finger of a skeleton,
While all the caverned ruin whispered out
“ Behold the end ! ” Too soon, I thought,—
but God
Thinks best. I do not wish to die — should like
To last a little longer, just to see
That picture finished and to have our work
Judged in the peopled halls, swung side by side,
Michael's and mine ! But do not turn your
head —
Sit closer. Giulio, men have said I slumbered
Over those later frescos and the walls
Of Agostino — they are right, I did.
But slumbering there in whitest arms, I learned,
'Mid all those Nymphs and Graces, this one
truth —

Raphael Sanzio

*The inspiration of the nude is over :
The Christian Muse is draped.* Tell Michael
so

When next you find him busy with his “Torso.”
How then that bare Demoniac, do you ask ?
Was ’t not an artist’s thought — the double
change

Of man to God above, to fiend below ?
And then the instant the redeeming foot
Forsakes the earth, to loose the naked devil
Flaunting the scared Apostles ? Who shall say
Art called not for my boy ? Yet thrice as
loud

As art, called Raphael ! For myself alone
I drew him, every quivering muscle mapped
By the infernal strain, that I might hush
Those sneers of Angelo’s — for I had plucked
His surgeon secrets from the grave and meant
To mate him where he’s matchless. I have
waited

The coming of that moment when we feel
The hand is surest, the brain clearest — when
Our dreams at once are deeds — when upward
goes

The curtain from the clouded soul, and art
Flames all her unveiled Paradise upon us.

Raphael Sanzio

Patiently, trustingly, that well-known hour
I've waited — and at last it comes — too
late !

For now, you see, 't is hard to reach my hand
To your sleek curls, and my poor head seems
chained

To this hot pillow. Had I now a tithe
Of half the strength I fooled on Chigi's walls,
I'd make the demon in that youth discourse
Anatomy enough to cram the schools
Till doomsday. Heaven, how plainly there
Your work stands off from mine ! Quick with
your arm —

I feel the ancient power — give me the colors —
I and my picture, let us once more meet !
God, let me finish it ! Can you not stir
My bed with those stout shoulders ? Then lift
me —

Child's play you 'll find it — my weak woman's
frame

Never weighed much — a breath can float it
now.

Do as I bid you boy, I am not mad :
'T is not delirium, but returning life.
O for the blood that barber's lancet stole ! —
So — nearer — nearer —

Raphael Sanzio

— I was dreaming, Giulio,
That I had finished it, and that it hung
Beside their Lazarus ; I and Angelo
Together stood — a little farther off,
That pack-horse colorist of his from Venice.
There stood we in the light of yonder face,
I and my rival, till, asudden, shone
A look of love in the small hazel eyes,
And down the double pointed beard a tear
Ran sparkling ; and he bowed his head to me —
The grand, gray, haughty head — and cried
aloud,
Thrice cried aloud “ HAIL MASTER ! ” — Why,
’t is strange —
How came I here — these colors on my
fingers —
This brush ? Stop — let me think — I am not
quite
Awake. Ah, I remember. Swooned, you say ?
How long have I been lying thus ? An hour
Dead on your breast ? Wheel back the bed —
put by
These playthings ! I can do no more for man !
And God, who did so much for me — ’t is time
Something were done for Him. A coach ?
Perhaps

Raphael Sanzio

The black mules of the Cardinal? No? Well,
Good Friday is the prayer-day of the year —
That keeps him. Who? — What! Leo's
self has sent

To ask of Raphael? Kindly done; and yet
The iron Pontiff, whom I painted thrice,
Had *come*. No matter, these are gracious
words, —

“*Rome were not Rome without me.*” My best
thanks

Back to his Holiness; and dare I add
A message, ‘t were that Rome can never be
Without me. I shall live as long as Rome!
Bramante’s temple there, bequeathed to me
To hide her cross-crowned bosom in the
clouds —

San Pietro — travertine and marble massed
To more than mountain majesty — shall scarce
Outlast that bit of canvas. Let the light in.
There’s the Ritonda waiting patiently
My coming. Angelo has built his chapel
In Santa Croce, that his eyes may ope
On Ser Filippo’s Duomo. I would see —
What think you? — neither dome nor Giotto’s
shaft,

Nor yon stern Pantheon’s solemn, sullen grace,

Raphael Sanzio

But Her whose colors I have worn since first
I dreamed of beauty in the chestnut shades
Of Umbria — HER for whom my best of life
Has been one labor — HER, the Nazareth Maid,
Who gave to Heaven a Queen, to man a God,
To God a Mother. I have hope of it! —
And I would see her — not as when she props
The babe slow-tottering to the Cross amid
The flowering field, — nor yet when, Sybil-eyed,
Backward she sweeps her Son from Tobit's
Fish, —
Nor e'en as when, above the footstool angels,
She stands with trembling mouth, dilated eyes,
Abashed before the uncurtained Father's
throne, —
But see her wearing the rapt smile of love
Half human, half divine, as fast she strains
Her infant in the chair. —

— There is a step
Upon the staircase. Has she come again?
She *must* not enter. Take her these big pearls
Meant for the poor dead bride I strove to love.
Tell her to wear them, when the full moon
fires
The Flavian arches, and she wanders forth

Raphael Sanzio

To the green spot — she will remember it —
A little farther on. No more of this.
Say but the word, too long delayed, — Farewell.
We said it oft before, meaning it too —
But life and love were with us — so we met.
This time — we part in earnest. Not a word? —
She bent her head and vanished, leaving me
These flowers? No tears — *not one?* So like
her! Set
The buds in water — leave me one — this
one —
We 'll fade together. Giulio, in my will
Her name stands next to yours: I would not
have
Those dark eyes look on want, that looked on
me
So long, so truly. Do not shake your head:
She 'll find her way to Heaven, if I am there
Before her. Jealous? — Brother, I will die
Upon your bosom — *you* shall close these eyes,
Eyes that have lived above this city's towers,
Up where the eagle's wing hath never swept:
Eyes that have scanned the far side of the sun
And upward still, high over Hesperus,
Have climbed the mount where trembling angels
bow,

Raphael Sanzio

And stolen the shining forms of beauty niched
Fast by the Eternal throne. I pray you hold
Those roses something nearer.

Shall we send
Francesco for the Cardinal ? You see
The shadow of the pines slopes eastward now —
Santa Maria 's empty : — he may come
Too late — there 's a strange hush about my
heart

Already. Still, a word before the last
Long silence comes. I do not think to leave
An enemy behind me : Angelo
Has sometimes wronged me, but I cannot hate —
I have that weakness — so I pitied him.
Giulio, the artist is not he who dreams,
But he who does ; — and when I saw this man
Hewing his way into the marble's heart
For the sweet secret that he dreamed was there,
Till the fast fettered beauty perished, killed
By the false chisel and imperious hand
That held no Heaven-commissioned key to ope
The prison gates — I pitied him, I say ;
And once I wept, as by me once he stalked
Beneath the stars, in either eye a tear,
Groaning beneath his load of voiceless beauty.

Raphael Sanzio

I knew his mighty sorrow — I had felt it, —
And who that soars has not? No wing that
fans
The sun, but sometimes burns! O grandest
Greek,
Not thine alone to ravish fire from Heaven,
Nor thine alone the rock: in every age,
The vulture's beak is in the artist's soul!
In this, we are brothers. Give him my last
greeting,
When next you meet. —

The Cardinal, at last.

Before he enters, Giulio, lay this flower
Among the others. — You may leave us now.

M A R C E L A

(Daughter of Lope de Vega, the Spanish Poet)

WAS it wrong, dear Lady Abbess,
That I spent the night in prayer,
That the Rosary you gave me
Numbered every bead a tear ?
I but wept until the watchman
Pausing in the street below
Slowly chimed the midnight *ave* :
Then I gave to God my woe.

Thrice I sued the Saints for slumber,
Still I could not keep away
From the narrow window facing
The lit Chapel where he lay —
Where the funeral torches flickered
Through the ever-opening door,
As around their silent Poet,
Pressed the throng of rich and poor.

Marcela

Yes, I meant to sleep, dear Mother,
 But morning came so soon
As I watched that lighted Chapel
 Shining back upon the moon :
Once, methought, I lay beside him,
 'Neath the sable and the gold,
Bending o'er my minstrel father
 As I used in days of old :

And a light — the same that trembled
 O'er his lips and o'er his brow
When he sang our San Isidro
 With the angels at the plow —
And a smile — the same that shone there
 When he bade the Mother mild
Hush the wings that shook the palm-trees
 Rustling o'er her sleeping child. . . . !

Oh, 't is hard that all may follow
 The mute Minstrel to his rest
Save the nearest and the dearest,
 Save the daughter he loved best !
I alone, his own Marcela,
 Cannot touch dead Lope's bier,
Cannot kiss the lips whose music
 None but angels now may hear !

Marcela

Still I feel, dear Lady Abbess,
 You will grant me what you may ;
Since your smile first hailed me Novice
 It is fourteen years to-day :
Have I shrunk from fast or vigil,
 Have I failed at matin bell,
Have I clung to earthen image
 Since I bade the world farewell ?

Nine long days I 've heard the tolling
 Of the bells he loved to hear ;
Nine long days I 've heard the wailing
 Of Madrid around his bier ;
And, to-day, he will be buried,
 For I catch the deepening hum
Of the people, and the stepping
 Of the soldiers as they come.

Never once I begged you lead me
 To the consecrated place,
Where, between the triple tapers,
 I might gaze into his face —
Grant me, then, sweet Lady Abbess,
 Only this — but this, alas !
'Neath Marcela's cloister window
 Let her father's funeral pass.

Marcela

Not one look, not one, I promise,
For the Princes in their might,
For the war-horse proudly curving
To the spur of sworded knight :
Though all Spain in tears surround him,
I shall know her Minstrel dead,
And my eyes — they will not wander
Far from Lope's silver head.

Look, the Chapel doors are parting,
See the lifted torches shine,
And the horsemen and the footmen
All the swarming pathways line.
Can it be . . . these poor tears blind me . . . ?
Ah, you knew what I would pray,
And have granted ere I asked it —
Yes, they come — they come this way !

S H E W I L L R E T U R N

LAUGH thy bold laugh again :
Men must not mourn,
No ! though they love in vain —
She will return.

Moping and mute — for shame ! —
Women all spurn
Lovers so true and tame —
She will return.

Thou with that stalwart form,
Bent like the fern ?
Oak should defy the storm —
She will return.

Snap the bright silver thrall :
Hast thou to learn
No woman's worth it all ? —
She will return.

She Will Return

Why, were it Helen dead,
Sealed in an urn,
Should half these tears be shed ? —
She will return.

Pshaw, put this folly by :
Canst not discern
Scorn in thy neighbor's eye ? —
She will return.

Maidens are merriest while
Lovers most yearn.
Not even force a smile ! —
She will return.

Fie, what a fool art thou :
When the leaves burn
Round the ripe autumn's brow
She will return.

UNDER THE TREE, LOVE

UNDER the tree, love,
Under the tree,
Were we not merry,
Sunset and we ?

Dark in the valley
Lay the dim town,
We had just stolen
Forth from its frown.

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
Swearing sweet friendships,
April and we :
South winds to fan us,
Song-birds to greet,
Blossoms above us,
Buds at our feet.

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
On our green carpet,
Nature and we ;

Under the Tree, Love

Bright o'er the river
Floats a far sail —
Why turns thy lover
Asudden so pale? . . .

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
Why is he gazing
Toward the green sea?
Chirps the cicala
'Mid the mute cells —
Is it old Giotto
Ringing his bells?

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
Why am I trembling,
Answer for me?
Doth the sea beckon? . . .
Love at the oar,
Fate at the rudder,
Fatal the shore!

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
Grandly above us
Spreads a blue sea:

Under the Tree, Love

Two silver beacons
Sphered in the skies,
Eve in her cradle,
Opening her eyes.

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
All the stars watching
You, love, and me :
Stars that would follow us
Over the wave,
Eyes that would haunt us
Down to the grave.

Under the tree, love,
Under the tree,
“ Choose ! we must choose now —
Choose either sea ! ”
“ Turn from the white sail
Fluttering by,
Watch those twin beacons
Sphered in the sky ! ”

SAN SISTO¹

THREE hundred years the world has
looked at it
Unwearied,— it at Heaven; and here
it hangs

In Dresden, making this a Holy City.
It is an old acquaintance: you have met
Copies by thousands, — Morghens here and
there, —

But all the sunlight withered. Prints, at best,
Are but the master's shadow — as you see.
I call that face the holiest revelation
God ever made to genius. How, or why,
When, or for whom 't was painted, wherefore
ask ?

Enough to know 't is Raphael's, and to feel
His Fornarina was not with him when,
Spurning the slow cartoon, he flashed that face,
That Virgin Mother's half transfigured face,

¹ The Madonna of St. Sixtus, — painted originally for the Altar of St. Sixtus' Church in Piacenza.

On canvas. Yes, they say 't was meant to
head
Some virginal procession ; — to that banner
Heaven's inmost gates might open, one would
think.
But let the picture tell its story — take
Your stand in this far corner. Falls the light
As you would have it ? That Saint Barbara, —
Observe her inclination and the finger
Of Sixtus ; — both are pointing — *where?* —
Now look
Below, — those grand boy-angels ; — watch
their eyes
Fastened — *on whom?* — What, not yet catch
my meaning ? . . .
Step closer, — half a step — no nearer. Mark
The Babe's fixed glance of calm equality.
Observe that wondering, rapt, dilated gaze,
The Mother's superhuman joy and fear,
That hushed — that startled adoration ! Watch
Those circled cherubs swarming into light,
Wreathing their splendid arch, their golden ring,
Around the unveiled vision. Look above
At the *drawn curtain* ! — Ah, *we* do not see
God's self, but *they* do ; — they are face to face
With the Eternal Father ! —

San Sisto

Sir, 't is strange;
That wondrous Virgin face, which Raphael
plucked
From his vast soul four centuries ago,
Is breathing now, — not in his Italy —
But on the shores where then first flashed the
sail
Of Genoa's ocean Pilot. Years ago,
We met mid-heav'n like drops of summer rain,
Then, falling, parted ! — But — observe the
picture :
Am I not right ? — There — just before them
burns,
Viewless to us, the unveiled Omnipotent.
Yet, somehow, critics fail to see, or say this.

THE BIRD'S SONG

TO sing was my only duty,
So I sang for you all the day ;
But there fell a silence with the night,
And my voice it has passed away :
A silence fell with the falling night
And with it an icy pain,
So I folded my head beneath my wing,
Never to sing again.

And when morning broke without my song
You flew to your minstrel dead,
And smoothed the wings that were folded fast
While a tear or two you shed ;
I knew you would miss me, mistress mine,
When my little house would be still ;
Miss the fitful gleam of my yellow breast
Through the wires, — and the greeting bill !

Put your mouth to mine, — did I sit and sing
On my perch all the seasons through,
In that painted cage, — with a useless wing
And a ceaseless song for you ? —

The Bird's Song

But, there were times when I saw my mates
Sweep by with the glittering spring,
Trilling their loves in the blossoming groves,
And then — it was sorrow to sing.

But now that I never shall sing again,
Lay me beneath a tree,
Where the minstrels that never knew the cage
May gather and sing for me :
I cannot leave you my voice, Lady,
But my plumage tenderly touch,—
These feathers of gold are little, Lady,—
But who else can leave you as much ?

INKERMANN

I

IN marble Sebastòpol
The bells to chapel call :
Our outposts hear the chanting
Of monks within the wall.
Why meet they there with psalm and prayer? —
'T is some high festival.
By the old Achaian ruin
Why groan those heavy wheels ?
Some forage-freighted convoy
Toward the leaguered city steals.
Sleep ! — will the serfs twice routed
Dare the freeman's steel again,
Will the men we stormed from Alma
Beard the lion in his den ?

II

'T is a drizzling Sabbath day-break,
Cheerless rings the reveillé,

Inkermann

Through the shroudlike mists around us
Not a stone's-throw can we see :
Feebly up the clouded welkin
Toils the morning bleak and gray,
Dim as twilight in October
Dawns that dark and dismal day.
The camp once more is sounding,
Slowly putting on its strength,
As a boa, starved from torpor,
Half uncoils its lazy length.
Some are drying their damp muskets,
Others gloss the rusted steel,
Some are crouching o'er the watch-fires
At the hurried matin meal ;
Some are bending o'er their Bibles,
Others bid the beads of Rome,
Many, still unwaken'd, hearken
To the Sabbath bells of home.
The mountain and the valley
With the hoary haze are white,
Sea and river, friend and foeman,
Town and trench are hid from sight :
And the camp itself so softly
With the snowy mist is blent
Scarce the waving of the canvas
Shows the outline of the tent.

III

Hark, the rifle's hawklike whistle !
But we stir not for the din,
Till with sullen step the pickets
From the hills are driven in,—
Till the river seemed to thunder
Through its rocky pass below,
And a voice ran through the army,
“Up to arms ! — it is the foe ! ”
Up with the Red Cross banner,
Out with the victor steel,
“ Up to battle,” the drums rattle,
“ Form and front,” the bugles peal.
From the tents and from the trenches,
From the ramparts, from the mine,
We are groping for the bayonet,
We are straggling into line ;
Half attired and half accoutred
Spur the officers headlong,
And the men, from slumber starting,
Round their colors fiercely throng.
Then the lit artillery's earthquake
Shook the hills beyond the gorge —
Mute then were a thousand hammers
Smiting hard the sounding forge.

Inkermann

Full upon us comes the ruin, —
They have ranged the very spot, —
Purple glares the sod already,
As the storm falls fast and hot,
At our feet the earth foams spraylike
'Neath the tempest of their shot.

IV

Crouched like caged and fretted lion
For the unseen foe we glare, —
Not a bayonet, not a sabre
Through the rolling mists appear.
Yet full sure the foe is on us,
For along the river's bed
Tolls the low and measured thunder
Of a mighty army's tread.
The hearts beneath our bosoms
Swell high as they would burst :
We know not what is coming,
But we nerve us for the worst :
Fast our shoulders grow together,
Firm beneath that iron hail,
The thin red line is forming
That was never known to quail.
Up from the slopes beneath us
Nearer thrills the muffled hum,

Inkermann

They are stepping to the onset
Without trumpet, without drum,
And we clutch our pieces tighter,—
Let them come !

v

The fog before us deepens ;
Like a dark spot in a storm,
Along the mist-wreathed ridges
Their crowded columns form ;
The helmets and the gray-coats
Scarce pistol-shot ahead, —
They are on us — let us at them —
Unavengèd we have bled !
Steady ! The eager rifle
Is warming at our cheeks ;
Yon column's head is melting
As the levelled minié speaks.
Forward, forward, form and forward !
Fast as floods through river sluice
The yeomanry of England
On the Muscovite are loose.
What, bide they there to meet us,
That phalanx of gray rock ?
In vain ! No human bulwark
Can breast the coming shock.

Inkermann

At them — on them — o'er them — through
them

The Red Line thunders still ;
A cheer, a charge, a struggle,
And we sweep them from the hill.
Not a man had we left living
Of the masses marshalled there,
But their siege-guns in the gorges
Stay our conquering career.
Then, as we breathe from slaughter,
And ere we close our ranks,
The foe, one column routed,
Hurls a fresh one on our flanks.
Unappalled and unexhausted,
We welcome the new war,
Though like locusts in midsummer
Swarm the legions of the Czar.
Fifty thousand men are on us,
Scarce a tithe of them are we, —
Well might they swear to drive us
Ere nightfall to the sea.
Yet, St. George for merry England !
A volley, and we close,
'Neath the martyr cross of bayonets
Redder yet the Red Line grows.

These are not the men of Alma
Who are now so well at work ;
On the Danube, at Silistria
They have schooled them 'gainst the Turk ;
O'er the mountains of Circassia
Their black eagles they have borne,
And the children of their High Priest
Lead the stern fanatics on.
Point to point and breast to bosom,
Hand to hand we madly clinch,
And the ground we win upon them
Is disputed inch by inch.
The warrior blood of Britain
Never rained so fast a tide,
Man and captain fall together,
Peer and peasant, side by side.
We have routed thrice our number,
Still their front looms thrice as vast,
While our line is thinned and jaded
And our men are falling fast.
Upon them with the bayonet ! —
Our powder waxes scant —
What more with foe so near him
Does British soldier want ?

VII

Once more — once more, borne backward
Their stubborn legions fly,
And we saw our brave commander,
With his staff, come riding by ;
Calmly he dared the danger,
But a gloom was in his eye,
For the mounds of his dead soldiers
Lay around him thick and high.
God knows his thought ! — It might be
Of other mounds, I ween, —
Of parapets, which, mounted,
Such havoc had not been.
But in brunt of battle ever
Was the Saxon bosom bare,
So we hailed him, as he passed us,
With a hearty British cheer ;
And as the nobles round him
Were falling, did we pray,
That his hero life amid the strife
Might be spared to us that day.
O dark the cloud that rested
On our chieftain's anxious brow :
He has staked his all on the Spartan wall —
It must not fail him now !

VIII

Then, as waveless in the tempest
Broods the white wing of a gull,
O'er the hurricane of battle
Swept a momentary lull.
Countless lay the dead and dying,
Few and faint the living stood,
Every blade of grass beneath us
Had its drop of hero blood.
To our knees the stiffening bodies
Of our fallen comrades rose,
But higher, deeper, thicker,
Lay the holocaust of foes.
And so fast the gore of Russia
From the British bayonet runs,
Trickling down our dinted rifles,
That our hands slip on our guns.
Far along the scarlet ridges
Looming dim through mist and smoke,
In scattered groups, divided
By coppice and dwarfed oak,
Rests the remnant of our army,
Rests each motley regiment,
Coldstream, Fusileer, and Ranger,
Line, and Guard together blent, —

Inkermann

To the charge still sternly leaning,
Undismayed, undaunted still,
Grimly frowning o'er the valley,
Proven masters of the hill.
A windgust from the mountain
Swept the driving rack away,
And we saw our battling brothers
For the first time that dark day.
But as up the white shroud drifted,
St. George, what sight beneath ! —
'T was as when the veil is lifted
From the stony face of death.
Right before us, right beneath us,
Right around us, everywhere,
The fresh hordes of the Despot
On flank and centre bear :
Around us and about us
The armèd torrent rolls,
As around a foundering galley
Glance the fins of bristling shoals.
O never, England, never,
Though aye outnumbered sore,
Has thy world-encountering banner
Faced such fearful odds before !

IX

On they come, like crested breakers
That would 'whelm us in their wrath,
Or the wingèd flame of prairies
Whirling stubble from its path.
But with cheer as stout as ever
To the charge again we reel,
Again we mow before us
Those harvests of stiff steel.
Too few, alas ! the living
These hydra hosts to stem,
But our comrades lie around us,
We can sleep at last with them.
Rally, Britons, round your colors,
And if no succor near,
Then for God, our Queen, our country
Let us proudly perish here !
Each hand and foot grows firmer
As they yell their demon cry,
Each soldier's glance grows brighter
As his last stern task draws nigh ;
By the dead of Balaklava
We will show them how to die ! . . .

X

Heard ye not that tramp behind us? . . .
If a foeman come that way,
We may make one charge to venge us,
And then look our last of day.
As the tiger from the jungle,
On the bounding column comes,
We can hear their footfall ringing
To the stern roll of their drums;
We can hear their billowy surging
As up the hill they pant,—
O God! How sweetly sounded
The well-known “*En avant!*”
With their golden eagles soaring,
Bloodless lips and falcon glance,
Radiant with the light of battle,
Came the chivalry of France.
Ah! full well, full well we knew them,
Our bearded, bold allies,
All Austerlitz seemed shining
Its sunlight from their eyes.
One breathing space they halted—
One volley rent the sky,—
Then the *pas de charge* thrills heavenward,
“*Vive l’ Empereur!*” the cry.

The answering cheer of Britain
One moment thundered forth,
The next — we trample with them
The pale hordes of the North.
Ye that have seen the lightning
Through the crashing forest go
Would stand aghast to see how fast
We lay their legions low.
They shrink — they sway — they falter —
On, on ! — no quarter then !
Nor human hand, nor Heaven's command
Could stay our maddened men.
A flood of sudden radiance
Bathes earth and sea and sky,
Above us bursts exulting
The sun of victory.
Holy moment of stern rapture,
The work of death is done,
The Muscovite is flying,
Grim Inkermann is won !

ALL SOULS' DAY

1866

HIGH in the bending trees the north
wind sings,
The shining chestnut to my feet is
rolled ;
The shivering mountains, bare as bankrupt
kings,
Sit beggared of their purple and their gold :
The naked plain below
Sighs to the clouds, impatient for its robe of
snow.

Death is in all things : yet how small it seems,
God's chosen acre on this mountain side :
A speck, a mote : while yonder cornland gleams
With hoarded plenty, stretching far and
wide.
A hundred acres there
Content not one : one acre serves a thousand
here.

All Souls' Day

On every cross or slab, a wreath — on some
Two, three, or more — of radiant autumn
leaves,
Mingled with gold and white chrysanthemum ;
Even the nameless, unmarked grave receives
Some pledge from mortal love
Unto peace-parted souls, we trust, with God
above.

The choral chant is hushed, the Service said :
Noon, but already the last pilgrim gone :
Brief visits pay the living to the dead,
But once a year we meet o'er those we
mourn.
I wait unwatched, alone,
To muse o'er some once loved, o'er many
more unknown.

That cross of marble, with its sculptured base,
Guards the blest ashes of a friend whose
form
Was half my boyhood ; his arch, laughing face —
The last you'd take to front a coming storm,
Or dare what none else durst :
Read how he fell, of all the best and bravest,
first !

All Souls' Day

Another pastor near him lies asleep,
Fresh wreaths, love-woven, mark the newer
sod ;
Each lettered white cross bids me pause to
weep
Some lost companion or some man of God.
Beneath this sacred ground,
More friends I number than in all the world
around.

There, side by side, far from the forfeit home
For which they vainly bled, three soldiers rest
In sight of the round peak, whose bannered
dome
Crowns the defiles wherein the fiery crest
Of a dead nation paled
Before the heights, where erst the great Vir-
ginian failed.

Westward, a little higher up the steep,
Rests a young mother — on her cross, a bar
Of golden music : since she fell asleep
The world she left has somehow seemed
ajar ;
Those patient, peaceful eyes
With which she watched the world, diffused
sweet harmonies.

All Souls' Day

For she was pure — pure as the snows of Yule
That hailed her birth : pure as the autumnal
snow
That flecked her coffin ; she was beautiful,
Heroic, gentle : none could ever know
That face and then forget :
Though vanished years ago, her smile seems
living yet.

And near her, happy in that nearness, lies
The world-worn consul by his best-loved
child —
The first rest of a life of sacrifice :
The native stars, that on his labors smiled
So rarely, o'er the wave
Beckoned him to the peace of home — and of
the grave.

Here, too, a relic of primeval ways
And statelier manners, mingled with the grace
Of Israel : in the evening of her days
Baptized at fourscore — strongest of her
race,
Yet twice a child — that rain
Supernal leaving all those years without a
stain.

All Souls' Day

And thou, young soldier, teach me how to turn
From earth to heaven, as in the solemn hour
Thy soul was turned. Ah! well for thee to
learn

So soon that festal board and bridal flower
May foil the out-stretched hand :
That life's best conquest is the holy afterland.

Holding the very summit of the slope,
A gothic chapel, girt with evergreen
And frailer summer foliage — still as hope —
Watches the east for morning's earliest
sheen ;

Beneath it slumbers one
For whom the tears of unextinguished grief
still run.

A twelvemonth mourned, yet deeper now the
loss
Than when first fell the slowly sudden doom,
And on her pale breast lay the unmoving cross :
Lone tenant of that solitary tomb,
Love's daily widowed prayer
Still craves reunion in thy chambered sepulchre.

The sunset shadow of this chapel falls
Upon a classmate's grave : a rare delight

All Souls' Day

Laughed in his youth : but, one by one, the
halls
Of life were darkened, till, amid the night,
A single star remained —
Bright herald of the paradise by tears regained.

Ah ! we forget them in our changing lot —
Forget the past in present weal or woe ;
But yet, perchance, more angels guard this spot
Than wander in the living fields below :
And, as I pass the gate,
The world without seems strangely void and
desolate.

The Country Doctor

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

ALL SOULS' DAY — 1867

D YING? along the trembling moun-
tain flies
The fearful whisper fast from cot
to cot;

Strong fathers stand aghast and mothers' eyes
Melt as their white lips stammer, "Not, oh !
not

Him of all others? Nay,
Not him who from our hearts so oft drove death
away?"

Well may those pale groups gather at each door,
Well may those tears that dread the worst be
shed.

The hand that healed their ills will bless no
more,
The life that served to lengthen theirs has
fled;

And while they pray and weep,
Unto his rest he passeth like a child asleep.

The Country Doctor

Ah ! this is sudden ! why, this very morn
He rode amongst us ; sick men woke to
hear
The step of his black pacer ; the new-born
Smiled at him from their cradles ; many a
tear
On faces wan and dim,
He dried to-day ; to-night those cheeks are wet
for him.

For there he lies, together gently laid
The hands we were so proud of, his white
hair
Making the silver halo that it made
In life around his brow ; as if in prayer
The gentle face composed,
With nameless peace o'ershadowing the eyelids
closed.

And as beside him through the night we hold
Our solitary watch, I had not started
To hear my name break from him as of old,
Or see the tranquil lips a moment parted,
To speak the word unsaid,
The last supreme adieu that instant death
forbade.

The Country Doctor

I dread the day-dawn, for his silent rest
Befits the night ; I half believe him mine,
While in the tapers' shadowy light his breast
Seems heaving, and, amid the pale moonshine
That wanders o'er the lawn,
Crouch the still hounds unknowing that their
master's gone.

But when the morning at his window stands
In glory beckoning, and he answers not ;
Not for the wringing of the widowed hands,
Or orphans wrestling with their bitter lot,—
I feel, old friend, too well,
That naught can wake thee but the final
miracle.

Was it but yesterday, that at my gate,
Beneath the over-arching oaks we met ?
Throned in his saddle, statue-like he sate,
A horseman every inch ; I see him yet,
His morning mission done,
His deep-mouthed pack behind him trailing, one
by one.

Mute are the mountains now ! No more that
cry
Of the full chase by all the breezes borne

The Country Doctor

Down the defiles, while echo's swift reply
Speeds the loud chorus ! Nevermore the
horn

Of our lost chief will shake
Those tempest-riven crags, or pierce the star-
tled brake !

Those summits were his refuge when the touch
Of gloom was on him, and the gathered care
Of a long life, that braved and suffered much,
Drove him from beaten walks to breathe the
air

That haunts gray Carrick's crest,
And spur from dawn to dusk till effort pur-
chased rest.

But yet, in all these thirty years, how few
The days we saw not the familiar form
Amid the valleys passing, till it grew
Part of the landscape ; through the sun or
storm

With equal front he rode,
Punctual as planets moving in the paths of
God.

I 've seen him, when the frozen tempest beat,
Breast it as gayly as the birds that played

The Country Doctor

Upon the drifts : and through the deadly heat
That drove the fainting reapers to the shade,
Smiling he passed along,
Erect the good gray head, and on his lips a song.

I 've known him, too, by anguish chained abed,
Forsake his midnight pillow with a moan,
And meekly ride wherever Pity led
To heal a sorrow slighter than his own ;
Or rich or poor the same —
It mattered not : let any sorrow call, he came.

Thy life was sacrifice, my own old friend,
Yet sacrifice that earned a sacred joy,
For in thy breast kept beating to the end
The trust and honest gladness of a boy ;
The seventy years that span
Thy course leave thee as pure as when their
date began.

Who could have dreamed the sharp, sad over-
throw
Of such a life, so tender, strong, and brave ?
My pulse seems answering thy finger now —
'T was one step from the stirrup to the grave !
Oh ! lift your load with care
And gently to its rest the precious burden bear.

The Country Doctor

All Souls' Day ! As they place him in the aisle
The bells his youth obeyed for church are
ringing ;

And, as beneath the churchyard gate we file,
To latest rite his honored relics bringing,
You'd think the dead had all
Arrayed their little homes for some high festival.

As if for *him* the flowering chaplets, strewn
Throughout God's acre, breathe a second
spring ;

To him the ivy on the sculptured stone
A welcome from the tomb seems whispering :
The buried wear their best,
As, in their midst, their old companion takes
his rest.

Yes, he is yours, not ours ; set down the bier :
To you we leave him with a ready trust :
Beneath this sod there's scarce a spirit here
That was not once his friend : Oh ! guard
his dust !

And if your ashes may
Thrill to old love, your graves are gladder than
our hearts to-day.

A Card from the Violets

A CARD FROM THE VIOLETS

ARE you so sick, dear ?
Oh ! we assure you,
We 've come to cure you —
Let us in — quick, dear.

Did not expect us ?
Fresh from the meadows,
Sweeter than red rose,
Can you reject us ?

Will you not hear us —
Blue as our eyes are,
True as our sighs are,
Nobody 's near us.

Saint, can you censure
Such sweet physicians —
Fairy prescriptions —
Will you not venture ?

A Card from the Violets

Not even try us ?
Morn's merry tear drops
On us — the deer stops
Ere he bounds by us.

Bring us before you ;
If you are sleeping
We shall be peeping
Sentinels o'er you.

Or when we 've found you,
If you are waking,
We shall be shaking
Perfumes around you.

Poor little flowers —
Angels might cherish
Beauties that perish
Sinless as ours.

And when we 're faded —
Out of the door there
Throw us — there 's more where
Our eyes were shaded !

The Last Snow-Wreath

THE LAST SNOW-WREATH

THAT gray forest — you remember,
It was spring's first budding day,
The last snow-wreath of December
On the shaded hillside lay ;
And your brow, though all was brightness,
And the world and we at play,
Had a winter in its whiteness
That I could not smile away.

That green forest — from the shadows
Where the silver fleece had slept,
Vigil o'er the dreaming meadows,
Bands of blue-eyed violets kept ;
And your brow — at once aglow, love,
Fast the melting winter wept,
And the last of all its snow, love,
Into tearful summer swept.

The Last Snow-Wreath

Mine at last, you bowed before me !
I could hear the won heart beat,
Though the dim sun trembled o'er me,
Though the earth swam at my feet.
Are the stars already shining ?
Ah ! the angel hours are fleet,
When fond arms are first entwining
And true lips first thrilling meet.

On we sped — the green boughs weaving
Fairy dance on mountain crest ;
On we fled — the arched wave heaving
In its exquisite unrest ;
Yet no grace of stream or tree, love,
In their sunset glory dressed,
Matched your white arms waving free, love,
Or the tremor of your breast.

Let us home ! and cease to sigh, love,
For the snow-wreath that has gone ;
It has gone to gild the rye, love,
And to plume the tasselled corn ;
In the bending wheat to harden,
Or to scent the enamelled thorn ;
It has gone to paint the garden
And to glisten in the morn.

The Last Snow-Wreath

Peace to maiden plaint, then, dearest,
That love's light hath melted pride ;
Gleameth not the lily fairest
In the red-rose shadow dyed ?
Not more pure the snow, fresh falling,
Than those violets, azure-eyed ;
But the whip-poor-will is calling —
Let us home, my morning's bride.

THE ALBATROSS

“THINK of me often” — With a
smile
You said it, fair Lady, for you
knew
That everywhere and everywhile
I think of you.

Have you forgotten, though years ago,
A summer’s evening walk of ours,
When earth was vocal and aglow
With birds and flowers ?

The sun was printing his parting kiss
On the cross of the Convent spire,
The brook bounded by with a laugh of bliss
And eyes of fire.

The lark slid lazily to his nest,
His matin music still,
The mourner minstrel wooed in the west
The whip-poor-will.

The Albatross

A star stole timidly to its place
And stood fast in the deepening blue,
And you bent your head, while over your face
An arch smile flew :

For my love was born with that tell-tale star
In the holy hush of even,
Timidly stealing to earth from afar —
The far, high heaven.

And you — how you lingered laughingly by
That peaceful Convent gate,
Then, turning from me your beautiful eye,
Left me desolate !

Since then, since there, through joy or care,
Through loving, loathing, hate,
Have I thought of you, blooming, young, and
fair,
At that Convent gate.

The storm of manhood has come and gone,
I have fronted many a fate,
But I never forgot the star that shone
O'er that Convent gate.

The Albatross

Ah, you knew it well, for the proud lip curled
At a love, mute, hopeless, true ;
You knew that I wearily walked the world,
Thinking of you :

Thinking of you these long, lost years
Of penury, peril, pain :
Thinking of you through sunshine and tears —
Thinking in vain !

White, lonely, changeless, beautiful,
Amid life's tempest-toss,
Your image tranquilly sleeps on my soul —
Its Albatross.

B E A T R I C E

WELL, as thou wilt, — but thou art
lovelier now
Than ever yet, — eyes softer shin-
ing, — brow

Fuller of thoughtful light ; and, whether less
Thy loving then, a nobler tenderness
Now tunes thy voice and fires thy velvet cheek.
I shall obey : but I may sometimes seek
Leave to return, for in my journeying
I shall grow weary, and no other spring
Can quench my thirst ; besides, I shall have
fears

For thee, for thou hast lost the gift of tears,
And thy fixed eyes look steadfastly at woe
Too long beheld, and fill, but ne'er o'erflow.
When the dull days creep on, — no more, no
more,

The swift step on thy staircase, at thy door
The quick, sure tap, — the strong hand lightly
laid

In thine a moment,— may it not be said
“ There sits she sighing in her solitude
For her lost Minstrel,— she has dearly rued
Her late resolve, too late deferred to save:
Poor child, there will be roses on her grave
Ere springtime!” Thus ’t would please them
best.

But, sweet,
When in the twilight, by my vacant seat,
Thou ’rt lying, and the crimson cushion hides
In thy brown ringlets,— when the river glides,
Dimmed with *thy* shadow only,— when the
stone
Carved with thy symbol name, by thee alone
Is visited,— it seemeth, lady, then
Thou may’st have need of me — that once
again,—
Nay, hist! — I doubt thee not. I know of old
Thy grand defiant brow,— thy bearing bold
In sorrow’s night,— the step elastic,— gaze
Starward unmovingly,— the song of praise
Hymned to the angels: *they* will care for thee,—
What need of mortal love! Yet could it be
That some soft vesper-time, when incense
wreathes

Beatrice

Thy chapel, and the rustic anthem breathes,
Or some fair summer's night, when laid at
rest,

Thou and thy *cross of gold*, an instant guest,
I might steal up and whisper, Peace !

Not yet —

Bear with me, love, a moment longer, — let
This white hand slumber on in mine, and place
Thy head against my shoulder, with thy face
Upturned! — There, — stir not, — sleep ! 'T is
like a trance,

That night of our first meeting, when the
dance

Flashed by unheeded ; like a dream the morn
When, — brighter sunrise ! — silently was born
Thy bountiful, broad love ; and the far seas,
Where in the shadow of the Pyrenees,
My soul first climbed the heights of thine, and
gave

Thee back an equal guerdon ; and the wave
Repassed, the fleet five years of Paradise, —
The Eden that was ours, — until with eyes
Opened to sudden knowledge, at our love's
Stern strength we trembled. Through the even-
ing groves

Beatrice

There swept no angry challenge, but the low
Grand voice upbraided tenderly ; for though
Our lips oft drank the dews, we never ate
The fruit of that fair tree ; and at the gate,
The Angel, smiling, sank his fiery brand
In pity as we passed, — not hand in hand,
But parting in the wilderness.

Sleep on,

My lost one, — each will walk the world alone,
Since heaven so wills it ; with thy daily cares
Thou wilt deal calmly, and thy guardian
prayers
Shall follow me, that I may sometimes find
Grandeur in nature, fragrance in the wind,
Beauty in woman, gentleness in man ;
For O, it seems as if the stream that ran
Beside my soul were dry, and all things have
A withered look ; the sunbeam in the wave
No longer dances, — the cold clouds refuse
Their sunset glow, — the unsought roses lose
Their perfumed blushes, — dimly wandereth
The moon amid the tree-tops, pale as death,
Weary and chill, — and I can scarce rejoice
In music's benediction, and the voice
Of friendship sounds like solemn mockery.

Beatrice

Why, e'en the tingling cheek and soaring eye
Of genius, visioned with some splendid dream,
Seem scenic tricks ; — unwooed, unwelcome
gleam

The plumèd thoughts, — nor have I heart to win
The broidered butterflies we catch and pin
To poet desks, in boyhood. Yet fear not
The future ; I shall bravely front my lot,
With the one rapture manhood ne'er foregoes,
The stately joy of mastering its woes.
No eye shall see me falter, — I shall ask
No respite on the wheel, — whate'er the task
The circling days appoint, I humbly trust
For strength to do it ; — there shall be no rust
On sword or shield, — howe'er the heart may
ache

Beneath the goad ; yet, sweet, for thy dear sake
I 'll wear the yoke, until the furrow opes
A little deeper, — then we 'll end it, hopes
And fears.

Yet sometimes, when the old desire
Of rhyming comes, and the familiar choir
Of cherub voices, with returning song,
Make my sad chamber musical ; when throng
The cloistered faces, with uplifted veil,

Beatrice

Each with remembered smile,— serene and pale,
As those stone priestesses that walk in Rome
And Florence, shall thy living image come
And stand before me, motioning the rest
Away. And I believe — O ! stir not, lest
Waking bring utter anguish — that when years,
The morning years of life, have passed, and
tears

And time and sorrow shall have so o'erthrown
The temple of thy beauty, that unknown
We two may walk the ways where now, alas !
The finger follows, and false whispers pass
'Twixt smiling friends,— when perished youth's
last charm,

E'en they who blamed us most, exclaim, "What
harm

In their *now* meeting ?" — let me, love, believe
This parting not forever — that some eve
Like this, I may approach thee, kneeling, smooth
Thy loose brown hair, warm thy cold fingers,
soothe

The aching bosom, lay my hand upon
Thy brow, and touch these dear lips — thus —
Sleep on !

LA VELATA

(Pitti Palace — No. 245)

YOU tread upon graves, my Lady,
And, walk where you will, my
sweet,

You will still leave a ruined life, or two,
Like mine lying under your feet.
Yet your glance is as clear and cloudless,
You carry as happy a head,
As the vestal whose torch lit the altar stone
While the hearts of a hecatomb bled.

Hail, Queen of the Dead, my Lady,
Of dead hearts that beat sullenly on,
Waking once a year in a living tomb
To ache for the smile that is gone.
Sweep on with your laugh of music,—
But, wander wherever you may,
Some new grave will open beneath your feet,
And the Black Cross still mark your way.

D O N N A

O LADY, in the morning of our meeting,
When love around us, flowerlike,
awoke,
Bright o'er the face that gladdened at my
greeting
The blush unbidden broke,
And your eyes trembled to your heart's quick
beating
Whene'er I spoke.

Dear lady, then your form so softly rounded,
Still with a lingering girl-light shone ;
Your lips, whose laugh like fountain-music
sounded,
No sorrow e'er had known,
For all the pulses of your being bounded
To love alone.

Donna

We parted then : and now, in day's declining,
In the soul's twilight time we meet :
Sweet, let me feel again that arm's soft
twining —
Quick, for the hours are fleet,
And I, an exile, while your youth was shining,
Kneel at your feet.

Ah, the twin roses of your cheeks have faded,
Your brow has lost its halo-light,
The dewy sunshine of your glance is
shaded
With clouds of coming night ;
E'en the brown splendor of your hair is
braided
With mourning white.

Yet day is fairer 'neath the mountain sleeping
Than when in orient pomp it rose ;
The brook bounds brighter for the winter's
keeping
When spring unlocks the snows ;
And you are lovelier now, when years of
weeping
Thus smiling close.

Donna

O teach those eyes again their blessed beam-ing !

Nay, shrink not that I hold you fast —
Before us such a starry future gleaming,

Why grieve for mornings past ?

Perchance our mingled tears, now mutely stream-ing,

May be the last.

B L I G H T A N D B L O O M

I

D ID we not bury them ?
All those dead years of ours,
All those poor tears of ours,
All those pale pleading flowers —
Did we not bury them ?

Yet, in the gloom there,
See how they stare at us,
Hurling despair at us,
Rising to glare at us
Out of the tomb there !

Curse every one of them !
Kiss, clasp, and token,
Vows vainly spoken,
Hearts bruised and broken —
Have we not done with them ?

Blight and Bloom

Are we such slaves to them ?
Down where the river leaps,
Down where the willow weeps,
Down where the lily sleeps,
Dig deeper graves for them.

Must we still stir amid
Ghosts of our buried youth,
Gleams of life's morning truth,
Spices and myrrh, forsooth . . . ?
Seal up the pyramid !

II

Be still, my heart, beneath the rod,
And murmur not ;
HE too was Man — the Son of God —
And shared thy lot :

Shared all that we can suffer here,
The gain, the loss,
The bloody sweat, the scourge, the sneer,
The Crown, the Cross,

Blight and Bloom

The final terror of the tomb,—
His guiltless head
Self-dedicated to the doom
We merited.

Then sigh not for earth's Edens lost,
Time's vanished bliss;
The heart that suffers most, the most
Resembles His.

S H E M S E L N I H A R

(From "The Arabian Nights")

FIRST Afeef spake: "Thy Favorite is dead!
Touch not those lips, my Master, they were false:
Weep not for one who had no smiles for thee."
But Haroun said,

His dim eyes fastened on the face where life
And death seemed striving which should paint
it fairest,
" Peace, she hath loved!"

Then Wazief spake: "There was a Persian
dog
Who died this morning — she has gone to meet
him:
To share his grave, she leaves a throne with
thee."

But Haroun said,

Shemselnihar

“ How many hearts will cease their beat with
mine,
As hers with his, because they loved their
Caliph ?
Say, O ye faithful ! ”

But Mesrour muttered, “ To the boat with her !
Those dainty dancing girls are whispering now
Of her mad doating on the Persian dog ! ”

But Haroun said,

“ Build her a tomb of porphyry and jet,
Where fountains murmur and where cypress
waves :
Love is a light seen once a thousand years,
And she hath loved ! ”

LAZARUS

I HAD lived, I had loved,
And had lived and loved in vain ;
I had said unto my soul,
“ You shall never love again :
I can brave the bitter night,
Bear that all is dross and dust,
Dare all sorrows save the blight
Of another broken trust.”

But it came, ah, it came
In a shape so sweet and pure,
Never hope that ever shone
Seemed so gentle, seemed so sure ;
For the winds without my will
Bore the blossom to my breast,
And, so being human still,
Where it fell, I let it rest.

Lazarus

Soon it bloomed above my heart,
And I said, "At last, at last
Here's the rose I vainly sought
In the gardens of the past."
So I laughed and cried aloud,
"Break, O earth around me, break,
Away with worm and shroud,
Lo, I'm living for her sake!"

Then with eyes at last unclosed,
And with hands at length unclasped,
Slowly stirring in my shroud
At my flower I feebly grasped ;
But as if beneath a frost
Shrank the swift-recoiling head,
I had scared her with my ghost,
She had taken me for dead.

"Ah, my Queen ! ah, my Queen !
See my lips are running red,
They can kiss back to your leaves
All the crimson that has fled.
Wake, oh, wake, to watch and wave
O'er my slumbers as before,
I will back into my grave,
I will never leave it more."

Lazarus

So I creep back to my tomb
Which seems twice as deep and drear,
Though all fairer for that frost
Blooms my Queen without a peer.
Mine alone, till far her fame
With each wanton zephyr fled —
Ah, my grave is still the same,
But no rose is at its head.

THE KING'S SPEECH

“ **I**'LL heal the sting,—
Man's sting, — the human sting at Na-
ture's spring !

Behold the Master's Wonder-book unrolled,
Explore with gladdened eye, and heart con-
soled,—

Whilst I its pages one by one unfold ! ”

Thus spake the King.

And lo, a sheet
Of trembling azure clothes the mountain's feet,
Dark boats go glancing through it with lit oars
Of dripping silver, — all the villaed shores
Repeat themselves in crystal, — proudly soars
The radiant sleet

Of purple peaks
Beneath whose crests the mellowed thunder
speaks.

Half-way to heaven the birdlike chapel broods,

The King's Speech

Soft winds sweep sighing through the slanting
woods
Between whose shadows flash the cloud-born
floods
In jewelled streaks.

New visions throng —
The canvas shifts and now we float along,
Rounding a dead volcano in the light
Of rising stars, while every eye is bright —
Hers brightest — as we hail the rising night
With jest and song.

Sweet vision, say,
Must thou too like thy sister pass away ?
Alas, remorseless hills between us stride,
As eunuchs gather round a Sultan's bride,
Shielding her beauty from the evil-eyed !
Stay, Phantom, stay !

All changed again !
Above the clouds we wander, the dim plain
Shrunk to a garden ; 'gainst the bridal sun
Fond snow-peaks lean their livid cheeks and
run
To earth in tears ; now heaven itself is won
And won in vain !

The King's Speech

Another change.

Between the twin crests of a parted range
The sky has fallen and sleeps in silvered blue ;
And here a Poet's soul comes with the dew
To Chillon, murmuring all the midnight through
With voices strange.

Away ! — our prow

Cuts the crisp wave — new scenes, new lands
— and now
Gleams the Snow Monarch on his Gothic
throne,
Orphaned of heaven and earth, defiant, lone,
Save when the sun's last scarlet kiss is thrown
Upon his brow.

Green seas of ice

Beneath our guided feet — gray glaciers rise
Weeping themselves away, yet ever fed
By the fresh tears their sire is doomed to
shed ;
At last his awful front we touch and tread
Upon the skies.

“ Fool, dost thou cling

Fast to thy folly ? Must the Master fling
His wonders round thy pathway, but to whet

The King's Speech

The edge of yearning — see thy heart still set
Upon the human — deeper in the net ? ”

Thus spake the King.

“ What if I bring
My unveiled glory to assuage thy sting ?
Will it avail when thou dost clearly prize
Better than earth or heaven, than seas or skies,
The human love that burns in human eyes ? ”

Thus spake the King.

And then I said,
Are not those eyes thy work — was not that
head
Cast in thy mould — is not thy breath divine
Upon these lips — have not the Bread and
Wine
Retrieved the Fall and made her image Thine ?
Hast thou not shed

A holier grace
Upon her form, — Thine image in her face
Is it not worthier worship than the snows
Kissed by the sunset into domes of rose,
Or blue lake heaving in its rapt repose ?

Let me embrace

The King's Speech

My lot : and cling
Unto the human, I accept its sting;
I 've measured it with Nature and with Art,
And find it next Thee. Frown not ere we
part !

“ I never frown upon a living heart ! ”

Thus spake the King.

ALADDIN'S PALACE

(Read at the Half Century Celebration of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., 1858.)

A LADDIN'S PALACE, in a single night,
From base to summit rose ere morning
light,
A pillared mass of porphyry and gold,
Gem sown on gem, and silk o'er silk unrolled ;
So from the dust our young Republic springs
Before the dazzled eyes of Eastern Kings.
Not like old Rome, slow spreading into state,
The century that freed beholds us great,
Sees our broad empire belt the western world,
From main to main our starry flag unfurled ;
Sees in each port where Albion's Sea-Kings
trail
Their purple plumes, Columbia's snowy sail.
Three deep the loaded decks our long wharves
line,
Three deep on buoyant hoops fast flounces
shine,

Aladdin's Palace

While thrice three-story brown stone proudly
tells
The tale of Mammon's modern miracles,
Marking full fifty places in a square
Where the born beggar dies the Millionaire.

But yet remember, glorious as we are,
Aladdin's Genie left one window bare :
And we, perchance, upon a close review,
May find our Palace lights unfinished too, —
Some slighted panel in the stately hall,
Some broidered hanging stinted on the wall,
Nay, e'en some jewels gone, that graced us
when

All men were free here — even gentlemen.
Of all the slaves in social bondage nursed,
PATER-FAMILIAS stands supremely first :
Proud of his bondage, tickled with his chains,
The parent cringes while the stripling reigns.
Down with the Dotard ! consecrate the Boy !
Since Age must suffer, let bright Youth enjoy.
Drink morning in ! — old eyes were meant to
wake :

Shake hands with ruin ! — old hearts never break.
Welcome the worst — 't is but to close the door
And pack the outlaw to some College-Cure.

Aladdin's Palace

Alas ! the tutor apes the parent fool,
The idle birch hangs rotting in the school.
Touch the young tyrant — like Olympian Jove
The avenging sire defends his injured love ;
Clutches a cowhide, contemplates a suit,
Talks wildly of a martyr and a brute.
The worst disgrace his free-born son can know
Is not to merit, but receive a blow ;
Honor, that prompts the pistol, damns the
rod, —
Let beasts alone divide the scourge — with
God.

Achilles saved, what next ? Go home and rear
That up-town palace ? — Why, you 're never
there.

Down by the docks your home is o'er the desk,
From morn to night curled like an arabesque,
Spinning the rich cocoon for child and wife,
Though, like the worm, the tribute costs your
life.

Crawl home at midnight, to the basement go,
Hug the lit fender, toast the slipperted toe ;
One well-earned moment rest the throbbing
head,

Though all the ceiling own the Lancer's tread,

Aladdin's Palace

Or dare the ball-room, you 'll not spoil the
feast,

'T is the old story — Beauty and the Beast.

That Lion leaning o'er my Lady's chair
May start — but she will never know you 're
near.

Perchance some fopling compliments your
taste,

His easy arm around Miss Mary's waist ;
Admires your Elliott, wonders how he caught
Your mouth's full meaning — “ Aw, I re-aul-ly
thought

Those sheep were Ommegancks ! ” — Back to
your den !

Your girl's far wiser cheek was tingling then.

Better be dead than ope those honest eyes
To half your marble mansion's mysteries.

Press your lone pillow, scheme to-morrow's
pelf,

Your daughter, trust her, can protect herself :
Dread neither foreign Count nor native Fool,
Her heart was buried at a Boarding School.

Ah, not for nothing that smooth cheek's de-
cay —

She knows too much to risk a runaway.

Aladdin's Palace

While beauty lasts, perchance the Young
Moustache

May spoil the cooing of the Man of Cash ;
But trust to time, your wrinkled belle will take
Some solid soul — some bank that cannot
break, —

And reign the darling of a dull adorer,
Precisely as her mother did before her.

From private morals pass to public taste ;
One jewel missing, can the next be paste ?
A race of readers, we can surely claim
A dozen writers with a world-wide name, —
One drama that can hold the stage a season,
Two actors that confound not rant with rea-
son, —

A minstrel equal to an average air,
An artist that has brains as well as hair ?
Alas ! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink ;
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.
Who reads Andréa ? — here's a penny tale
That melts the milkmaid o'er her foaming pail ;
Who weeps with Luria that can weekly sob
With all the victims of Sylvanus Cobb ?

Aladdin's Palace

To "In Memoriam" why trembling turn
When fonder pathos flows from Fanny Fern ?
Why wake the organ wail of Hiawatha
When piping publishers assume the author ?
And what, in turn, cares genius for the age ?
"Boz" gaily rattles off his five-pound page ;
Pendennis lazily dictates his story,
Sure of his pay, superbly dead to glory ;
O'ershadowed Browning, sickening in the van,
Sheds Ariel's wings to roll with Caliban.
But peace to parchment — bid the canvas
gleam ;

The pen rebellious, let the brush redeem.
Imperial Art, thy highest hope record ! —
Behold a primrose dots the dewy sward.
Raphael dethroned, what triumphs now decree ?
The twilight's bronze on blossomed cherry
tree.

Madonnas done with, Magdalens forbidden —
Lo, yonder rock in reverend mosses hidden.
Ah, sweet to think when time and reason blight
The budding of the last Pre-Raphaelite,
Those wondrous Dresden eyes shall still, as now,
Teach saints to worship, infidels to bow,
That Babe transfigured on the Virgin bosom
Outlive the daisy and the apple blossom.

Aladdin's Palace

Kings rule the East, the Merchant rules the West :

Save round his hearth, supreme his high behest.
For him the captive lightning rides the main,
For him rent mountains hide the screaming
train,
For him the placer spreads its golden sands,
The steamer pants, the spicy sail expands ;
For him the quarry splits the moaning hill,
For him Laborde imports her newest trill.
Submissive science smooths his lordly path,
States court his nod and Senates dread his
wrath ;
Erect, undaunted, eager, active, brisk,
A front for ruin, nerve for any risk ;
Shy of the snare, impatient of the chance,
The world a chess-board 'neath his eagle glance,
Armed with a Ledger — presto pass — he carves
And spends ten fortunes where a genius starves.
No robber knight that ever drove a-field
Bore braver heart beneath his dinted shield.
Atilt with fortune, if he win the prize,
The turnpike trembles, marble cleaves the
skies,
Or, lost both stirrups, let him bite the plain,
His dying song still “ Lobster and Champagne ! ”

Aladdin's Palace

O land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars !
O Nation first in schools and last in scholars !
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely
 spell ;
Of what avail that science light the way
When dwindling Senates totter to decay,—
Like some tall poplar withered at the head,
Our middle green, but all the summit dead.
We do not ask that mind and manners meet —
Utopian dream — in every Justice seat :
In troubled times 't is not to be expected
That Law and Grammar be at once pro-
 tected :
We can endure that barristers dispense
Tropes, neither rhetoric nor common sense,
While all the rabble bolt the fluent store
Of broken image, battered metaphor,—
But, great Diana, when we 're only known,
In courts where Adams trod and Franklin
 shone,
By mute Ambassadors who grandly scorn to
Maim any language save the one they 're born
 to ;
When laughing Europe vainly would escape
Yankee sublime, resplendent in red tape,

Aladdin's Palace

Might not the torch that fired the Ephesian
Dome

Be well employed — a little nearer home ?
Of what avail the boast of steam and cable,
If doomed to grovel 'neath the curse of Babel ?
Low droops our Eagle's eye to find us still
Cowed 'neath his wing — by Albion's gray-
goose quill.

Ye who have sipped the sweet Horatian page,
And burned with Juvenal in Roman rage ;
Ye in whose bosom glows the true antique,
Whose solid armor's laced with genuine Greek,
Whose souls, high reaching to the fountain,
find

The classic secrets that still sway mankind, —
What though the public hail with languid
praise

Your prim orations or primeval lays ;
What though Reviews, with accents soft as silk,
Skim all your cream and then reject your milk ;
What though your polished pen scarce earn
a garret,

While double entry points to peace and claret ;
What though the heart, too long condemned to
ache

For mocking chaplets, ask but leave to break ;

Aladdin's Palace

Toil on, toil on, there's no such word as fail,
Heaven sends the wind if we but set the sail :
Toil on,— the world's best laurels only bloom
Above the mound that marks the Martyr's
tomb !

Know ye the fields that smooth the Pilgrim
coast,

The lawn's soft slope in azure ocean lost,
The garden bounded by the billow's foam,
The gables stately as a Baron's home ?
Approach : along the cornland and the wold,
October dies in crimson and in gold ;
That giant elm has scarce a score of leaves
To shade the voiceless nest beneath the eaves.
See the bright Sabbath morning silent break,
Save where the wild-fowl fans his tiny lake,
Save where, with ceaseless wail, the warning
sea

Chants its one awful word — “ Eternity.”
Ah, Seth, unload the rifle, coil the line,
Let the coot fly, the haddock lash the brine,
O'er the mute hills, untracked, the wild deer
run,
The angler sleeps — thy hunter's deeds are
done !

Aladdin's Palace

Steal in with muffled tread — the struggle past,
Released from thought, the grand brow rests
at last,
As rests in Abbey aisle some brave broad shield,
A nation's buckler on the battlefield.
No shroud surrounds him — he has gone to rest,
As heroes love to go, in harness drest :
Folded the hands that never rose in wrath
Unless to sweep a traitor from his path ;
Dim the dark eye before whose rapt command
Disunion, like a spectre, fled the land.
God grant that JULIA's self the father meet
Since JULIA's image may no longer greet !
God guard that willowed slab by MARSH-
FIELD'S wave,
Where he still lives beneath his laurelled grave !
God send some faithful heart, some fearless
spur,
To fill the void of that one Sepulchre !
The Forum yawns ! Come, Curtius, to thy
work !
Fate summons the COLLEGIAN — not the Clerk.

Green be the hero's grave ! — But who shall
paint
Our greater loss — that purer gem — the Saint ?

Aladdin's Palace

We who are wholly plunged in pious labors,
Who plume ourselves and meekly peck our
neighbors ;
Whose outward life, so gravely circumspect,
Proclaims — our title clear — the sole Elect ;
We who, knee-deep in spiritual feasts,
Bewail the shallower ecstasies of priests ;
We who serenely chant the rights of laymen
While pastors starve and bishops drudge like
draymen ;
We have no sins — no zealots that behold
A Creamcheese in each shepherd of the fold —
No pale dévôtes to chronicle the fancies
That gild the seraph lips of Father Francis.
We shrink from Sue and Sand, our only care is
To sigh with Kempis, or to sift with Suarez ;
With fiction false to faith we never grovel,
Our lightest reading, the religious novel ;
We count our soul-refreshing tales by scores,
Where heroes sin not — save in being bores ;
Where heroines sing like controversial linnets,
Converting heretics in twenty minutes,—
Here Agnes answers to the convent bell,
There jilted William meditates a cell.
But let a Man stand up and lash the age,
Let reason rule, and truth inspire his page,

Let folly quake to hear his lordly tread,
And captive error hang her hydra head,—
Then, just so long as our celestial selves
Escape a drubbing, BROWNSON tops our shelves ;
But once the scourge on our own shoulders
laid —

Stop the Review ! — gag the gray renegade !

Yes, praised be type and steam, our blindness
o'er,

The Christian world is wiser than of yore.

No simple Barons now corrupt the Church
By leaving rich relations in the lurch ;

No stricken Knight, with half remembered
prayer,

Beats his broad breast and makes a monk his
heir.

Fie, fie, Sir Hugo, like a cut-throat live,

Then, dying, bribe thy Maker to forgive ?

Tempt not the skies with gifts,— we never do —
Heaven asks no largess — just a tear or two.

Our peaceful fingers guiltless of the sword
What call for alms to pacify the Lord ?

The Priest stands ready harnessed — naught to
pay,

Since he who gave disdains to take away.

Aladdin's Palace

Let pompous heretics by will provide
For school and mission,— we have no such
pride.

Enough for us, our earthly errand run,
To pass an untithed purse from sire to son.
Too modest to bestow lest men applaud,
Faith just too feeble to invest with God,
Just zeal sufficient to shun godless knowledge,
And just too little to endow a College.
Hugo may pamper Abbots with his acres,
Ours shall be anybody's — but our Maker's.

In darker ages, when the morning dews
Of Faith were fresh upon the world, when
pews

Were yet unborn, our simple fathers thought —
Such ignorance belongs to souls untaught —
That the true aim of pious decoration
Should be the Minster — not the congregation.
Since then, the riper Flock far wiser grown,
Neat brick and mortar mimic chiselled
stone;

Yon altar angel kneels in florid plaster
Where cherub wings once shone in alabaster.
But let the ceiling gape, the organ jingle,
The lazy spire at last ascend in shingle ;

Aladdin's Palace

Glance down the nave — survey the sacred scene —

One billowy sweep of lace and crinoline ;
Each tiny hat half hidden in its feather,
Bright as a daisy beaming through the heather —

Out with the Rose or Oriel's lesser lustre,
Here all the colors of the rainbow cluster.

Yet say not Faith hath wholly quenched her fires
When Albany's Twin Minsters lift their spires,
When fast responsive to the Mitre's beck,
Each man stands ready with his cheerful check ;

Prompt as the Spartan at his country's call,
A hundred come — a hundred thousand fall.

When the good Caliph all his coffers brought,
And, gem in hand, his turbaned craftsmen wrought ;

When vainly jewelled with a Kingdom's store
The unfinished window clamored still for more,

Aladdin called the Spirit that begun
His radiant Palace, and the work was done.
So here the sail may gleam, the minstrel sing,
The forum close, the victor warrior bring

Aladdin's Palace

His wreath,— but still the Temple of our sires
An Artist mightier than man requires.

We too must call our SPIRIT. Glance around—
The terrace at our feet is hallowed ground :
Climb that green hill,— those levelled walks
that glide

Around the Chapel — by the torrent's side ;
That shaded mound where still the Grotto
stands —

All these are relics now, touched by the hands
That led alike the shiven soul to grace,
Or smoothed the frown from Nature's erring
face.

Question the valley — here how oft there trod,
Missal in hand, along the weary road,
A swift, frail shape, on some new mercy
bent,

That seemed to smile with angels as it went.
Go farther — pierce the aching world beyond
The circle of those calm blue lines that bound
This Sanctuary — count the mitres — scan
The vast results of that one Heaven-sent
man :

Ask mountain laymen, deep in stocks or deeds,
Why still they wear their medals, tell their
beads ;

Aladdin's Palace

Ask that gray band of Priests what trumpet
call

Beneath Christ's standard ranged and armed
them all ;

Ask either Prelate whose command controls
The Christian being of a million souls,
Who first inspired his half unconscious feet
To tread the heights where flamed the Para-
clete ?

Hark ! prelate, laymen, priests, together say —
The Angel Guardian of the Mount — BRUTÈ.

My friends, Aladdin's Palace needs such men —
The SAINT at work, 'tis finished — not till
then.

B Y R O N

(Written in reply to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's attack.)

LET him rest in his shame and splendor,
In splendor and shame let him lie ;
Whisper low, for the grave should defend her,
Curse no more, for he cannot reply.
'T is not well to stand over the body
From which a great soul has just fled
And smite the poor lips till they 're bloody
For the sake of a sin that is dead.

O pierce not into their mystery,
O pry not into the gloom ;
Leave truth to the touchstone of history —
The seals are too fresh on the tomb.
No word on the vault need be graven
Till the hinge has fallen to rust ;
And we, — we will keep off the raven
Till the dead has returned to dust.

For a poet though he may grieve us
At times, with a baleful lay,
Is ever the last to leave us,
The last that we let decay.
The siren song we inherit
Keeps sounding so fresh and near,
That we seem, both in flesh and spirit,
Still standing beside his bier.

Why should a libel borrowed
From oblivion stain his corse,
When each line on the cold white forehead
Shows the finger of remorse ?
He was an archer regal,
Who laid the mighty low,
But his arrows were fledged by the eagle
And sought not a fallen foe.

With the front of a lost archangel
He braved a frowning world,
And at maiden, man, and evangel
His fiery scoffing hurled —
Railing 'gainst earth and heaven alike,
Till the haughty eye grew dim,
But never lifted a shroud to strike,
As hath twice been done to him !

Byron

Why conjure a phantom terror
From the ashes of the great,
And, worse than vilest error,
Speed the horrible debate ?
Why, when the world is listening
To minstrels robed in light,
Wile us back to the morbid glistening
Of a Spirit of the Night ?

He has met the final audit,
He has faced the Judge Supreme ;
Man's malison now, or plaudit,
Will but reach him as a dream.
Wait, till the life-long beating
Of each bosom is laid bare
At that vast sepulchral meeting, —
Then — stone him if you dare !

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX

I

WITHIN an attic old at Genoa,
Full many a year, I ween,
Had lain a block of ivory,
The largest ever seen.

Though wooing centuries have wiled
Its purity away
Gaunt Time had made a slender meal,
So well it braved decay.

If we may trust tradition's tongue,
Some mastodon before
The wave kissed Ararat's tall peak
The splendid trophy wore.

Certes, no elephant e'er held
Aloft so rich a prize,
Not India's proudest jungle boasts
A tusk of half the size.

The Ivory Crucifix

A monk obtained and to his cell
The relic rare conveyed,
And bending o'er the uncouth block
This monk, communing, said :

“ Be mine the happy task by day
And through the midnight’s gloom,
To toil and still toil on until
This shapeless mass assume

“ The form of HIM who on the Cross
For us poured forth His blood :
Thus man shall ever venerate
This relic of the flood.

“ Though now a witness to the wrath
Of the dread God above,
Changed by my chisel, it shall be
The emblem of His love.”

II

That night when on his pallet stretched,
As slumber o'er him stole,
A glorious vision brightly broke
Upon his ravished soul.

The Ivory Crucifix

He sees his dear Redeemer stand
On Calvary's sacred height,
The Crucifixion is renewed
Before his awe-struck sight.

He sees his Saviour's pallid cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
He hears His dying accents bless
A persecuting world :

Sees the last look of love supreme
Conquer each aching sense,
Triumphant o'er His agony
In deep benevolence.

III

The matin bell has pealed — the monk
Starts from his brief repose ;
But still before his waking eye
The vivid dream arose.

His morning orisons are paid,
His hand the chisel wields,
Slowly before the eager steel
The stubborn ivory yields.

The Ivory Crucifix

The ancient block is crusted o'er
With a coating hard and gray,
But soon the busy chisel doffs
This mantle of decay.

And now, from every blemish freed,
Upon his kindling eye,
In all its pristine beauty, dawns
The milk-white ivory.

IV

The sun arose, the sun went down,
Arose and set again,
But still the monk his chisel plies —
Oh, must he toil in vain ?

Not his the highly cultured touch
That bade the marble glow
And with a hundred statues linked
The name of Angelo.

Perchance some tiny image he
Had fashioned oft before,
But art had ne'er to him unveiled
Her closely hoarded lore.

The Ivory Crucifix

A faithful hand, an eye possessed
 Of genius' inborn beam
Or inspiration's loftier light
 Must body forth his dream.

v

The moon has filled her fickle orb,
 The moon is on the wane,
A crescent now she sails the sky
 And now is full again.

But bending o'er that ivory block
 The monk is kneeling there,
Full half his time to toil is given,
 And half is spent in prayer.

Four years elapsed before the monk
 Threw his worn chisel by ;
Complete at last before him lies
 The living ivory.

His dream at last is bodied forth,
 And to the world is given
A sight that well may wean the soul
 From earth a while to heaven.

The Ivory Crucifix

The dying look of love supreme
Conquering each aching sense,
Unquenched by burning pain, reveals
Divine benevolence.

Behold that violated cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
The parting lips that seem to bless
A persecuting world.

Is not the Evangel's sacred page
Translated here as well
As any human alphabet
Its glorious truths can tell ?

YOUTH

MY swift bright youth where art thou now,
With thy ready smile and open brow,
With sleepless day and dreamless night,
And hope that even through tears shone
bright —

Ah, whither hast thou flown ?
Like foam of the ocean,
An instant in motion,
Then scattered and gone !

My brow, there's not a furrow there,
The first frost has not blanched my hair,
These eyes — as clear as when they won
From love a language of their own. —

Then what has happened, say,
Thou star of the daytime,
Sweet youth, the soul's maytime,
To drive thee away ?

Youth

The bloom has left all beautiful things,
The air-loving thoughts lose their shining wings,
And Nature lieth dim and pale,
Like the face of a corpse beneath a veil,
 And the heart within me is cold ;
For the youth that I cherished
Has fruitlessly perished
 Before I am old.

My swift bright youth, my fair-haired slave,
Thou hast left me but an early'grave, —
Wherever it be, —and when spring is green
But one will be there, — she will weep, I ween,
 Speeding a prayer well meant.
Oh, let not age meet me,
With slow change to cheat me
 Of that lone monument !

A B S E N C E

A THOUSAND leagues away,
Yet not an inch apart,
The ocean rolls between,
But heart still touches heart.
My head is on the billow,
And thine is on the shore,
Yet have we but one pillow,
Love could not live with more.

The carrier flutters onward,
Still further from his nest,
But thy shadow comes at sunset
And links him with the west ;
For the cord is only lengthened
That bound me to thy side,
And distance has but strengthened
The love knot that we tied.

PARTING

IHAD a friend and she was fair
As Earth permits the soul to seem,
Dark was her eye and dark her hair,
Her glance broke o'er one like the dream
That makes the sleeping infant smile,—
So pure was she, so free from guile.

When with her, all the golden day
Flew swiftly on in radiant light,
And her dear image, when away,
Would seem to hover still in sight,
For when the sun goes 'neath the hill
Fond memory makes it twilight still.

Thus hand in hand from year to year,
From year to year thus heart in heart,
Until 't was rapture to be near
And agony to be apart,
We wandered,— every day that passed
Was brighter, lovelier than the last.

Parting

One night a change crept o'er her brow—
And lo! an angel at my side
Pale as a vestal at her vow
She stood before me glorified.
We parted at that sacred sign —
Still mine— yet something more than mine.

THE BRIDESMAIDS' GREETING

(From "Christine")

SISTER, standing at Love's golden gate,
Life's second door —
Fleet the maiden-time is flying,
Friendship fast in love is dying,
Bridal fate doth separate
Friends evermore.

Pilgrim, seeking with thy sandalled feet
The land of bliss ;
Sire and sister tearless leaving,
To thy beckoning palmer cleaving —
Truant sweet, lest we ne'er meet —
One parting kiss.

Wanderer, filling for enchanted isle
Thy dimpling sail ;
Whither drifted all uncaring
So with faithful helmsman faring,
Stay and smile with us awhile
Before the gale.

The Bridesmaids' Greeting

Playmate, hark ! a thousand thronging hours
Old secrets tell :
Vale and thicket, hill and heather,
Whisper sacredly together ;
Queen of ours, the very flowers
Sigh forth farewell.

The Bride's Reply

THE BRIDE'S REPLY

(From "Christine")

BRING me no rose-wreath now : . . .
But come when sunset's first tears
fall,
When night-birds from the mountain call —
Then bind my brow.

Roses and lilies white —
But tarry till the glow-worms trail
Their gold-work o'er the spangled veil
Of falling night.

Twine not your garland fair
Till I have fallen fast asleep ;
Then to my silent pillow creep
And leave it there —

There in the chapel yard,
Come with the twilight's earliest hush,
Just as the day's last purple flush
Forsakes the sward.

The Bride's Reply

Stop where the white cross stands :
You 'll find me in my wedding suit,
Lying motionless and mute
With folded hands.

Tenderly to my side,
The bridegroom's form you may not see
In the dim eve, but he will be
Fast by his bride.

Soft with your chaplet move,
And lightly lay it on my head :
Be sure you wake not with rude tread
My jealous love.

Kiss me, then quick away ;
And leave us in unwatched repose,
There with the lily and the rose
Waiting for day.

The Knight's Lament for His Steed

THE KNIGHT'S LAMENT FOR HIS STEED

(From "Christine")

AND art thou, art thou dead?
Thou with front that might defy
The gathered thunders of the sky,
Thou before whose fearless eye
All death and danger fled!

My Khalif, hast thou sped
Homeward where the palm trees' feet
Bathe in hidden fountains sweet,
Where first we met as lovers meet,
My own, my desert bred!

Thy back has been my home;
And, bending o'er thy flying neck,
Its white mane waving without speck,
I seemed to tread the galley's deck
And cleave the Ocean's foam.

The Knight's Lament for His Steed

Since first I felt thy heart
Proudly surging 'neath my knee,
As earthquakes heave beneath the sea,
Brothers in the field were we ;
And must we, can we part ?

And shall I never more
Answer thy laugh amid the clash
Of battle, see thee meet the flash
Of spears with the proud, pauseless dash
Of billows on the shore ?

For all our victor war,
And all the honors men call mine
Were thine, thou voiceless warrior, thine ;
My task was but to touch the rein —
There needed nothing more.

Worst danger had no sting
For thee, and coward peace no charm.
Amid red havoc's worst alarm
Thy swoop as firm as through the storm
The eagle's iron wing.

The Knight's Lament for His Steed

O more than man to me !
Thy neigh outsoared the trumpet's tone,
Thy back was better than a throne,
There was no human thing save one
I loved as well as thee !

O Knighthood's truest friend !
Brave heart by every danger tried,
Proud crest by conquest glorified,
Swift Saviour of my menaced bride,
Is this, is *this* the end ?

Thrice honored be thy grave !
Wherever knightly deed is sung,
Wherever minstrel harp is strung,
There too thy praise shall sound among
The beauteous and the brave.

And thou shalt slumber deep
Beneath our chapel's cypress sheen,
And there thy lord and his Christine
Full oft shall watch at morn and e'en
Around their Khalif's sleep.

The Knight's Lament for His Steed

There shalt thou wait for me
Until the funeral bell shall ring,
Until the funeral censer swing,
For I would ride to meet my King,
My stainless steed, with thee !

FORTY TO-DAY

FORTY to-day !
Sweet Leman shimmering in the sun, as
blue

As calm, as pure as if the Heaven o'erhead
That meets it 'mid the mist, just out of view,
Had fallen and floated shoreward ! Am I
dead ?
Can I not pray ?

This terraced slope
Shaded and flowered — round the circling shore
The Sabbath anthem swelling — all the air
Trembling to distant bells — boat, sail, and
oar
All fast asleep . . . and I? . . . Is this despair,
Or higher hope ?

Forty To-day

From poplar groves
Set where the mountain and the meadow meet,
Soar the sad Alps, dark verdure to the
waist,
Then clouds and riven rock. O ancient feet,
At which doomed beauty crouches fast em-
braced,
Have ye your loves !

Forty to-day !

Through manhood's second Gate I pass and
leave
Behind me — ashes . . . neither flower nor
fruit
Of all the past . . . not e'en the grace to
grieve
For being empty-handed ! . . . I were mute
But that this lay

Will force its way

Out of the frozen soul and visit Earth
To tell the listening glens and startled plain
How a chance sunbeam in its fiery mirth
Turned an old Glacier's heart to sudden
rain

For very play :

Forty To-day

Or, like the string
Athwart the window of a vacant home
Struck by the May wind, making music
where
No footstep falls ! My doom is still to roam
While Alps stand fast with Leman nestling
near ! . . .
O weary wing

Forever fold !
Upon the treetop build, or lower down
Among the wild flowers seek a surer nest ;
Forbear the Ocean's foam, the Tempest's
frown,
Be done with dreaming,—fold, and feebly
rest
Among the old.

Thy days are done !
Think not to snare the joy that foiled thy
grasp
When youth and God were with thee —
when thy acts
Deserved the crown that came not. . . . Meekly
clasp
The present with its plain, perpetual facts. . . .
Thy race is run !

S O N G S

SONGS

BILL AND I

THE moon had just gone down,
sir,
But the stars lit up the sky ;
All was still in tent and town, sir,
Not a rebel could we spy :
It was our turn at picket,
So we marched into the thicket
To the music of the cricket
Chirping nigh.

Oh ! we kept a sharp lookout, sir,
But no danger could we spy,
And no rebel being about, sir,
We sat down there by and by ;
And we watched the brook a brawlin',
And counted stars a fallin',
Old memories overhaulin',
Bill and I.

Bill and I

And says he, “ Won’t it be glorious
When we fling our muskets by,
And home again victorious
We hear our sweethearts cry
‘ Welcome back ! ’ ” —

A step ! Who goes there ?
A shot — by heaven, the foe’s there !
Bill sat there, all composure,
But not I.

By the red light of his gun, sir,
I marked the rebel spy :
In an instant it was done, sir,
I had fired and heard a cry.
I sprang across the stream, sir,
Oh ! it seems just like a dream, sir,
The dizzy, dying gleam, sir,
Of that eye !

A youth, a very boy, sir,
I saw before me lie ;
Some pretty school-girl’s toy, sir,
Had ventured there to die.
We had hated one another,
But I heard him murmur “ *Mother !* ” —
So I stooped and called him “ *Brother !* ”
No reply.

Bill and I

I crossed the stream once more, sir,
To see why Bill war n't by ;
He was sittin' as before, sir,
But a film was o'er his eye ;
I scarce knew what it meant, sir,
Till a wail broke from our tent, sir,
As into camp we went, sir,
Bill and I.

F I D E L I S

A MAIDEN stood by a shining stream,
 Sing tarry, tarry ;
Her eye was rapt in a sweet, sweet
 dream,
 Ay, marry, marry.
A suitor bold rode merrily by,
“ Dream on,” quoth he, “ you will wake one
 day !
So my hounds shall hunt and my falcon fly.
 Away ! Away ! ”

A Ladye sat by a clouded stream,
 Sing tarry, tarry ;
Her heart still true to its first sweet dream,
 Ay, marry, marry.
A Baron rode up with hawk and hound,
“ Well, mistress mine, do you still say nay ?
Come ! my lance is sure and my steed is sound.
 Away ! Away ! ”

Fidelis

A Mourner knelt by a frozen stream,
 Sing tarry, tarry ;
Her hair all white with a snowy gleam,
 Ay, marry, marry.
Once more to her side the Baron came
 With hawk in hand, though his beard was
 gray ;
But her maiden dream was still the same.
 Away ! Away !

LADY BIRD

LADY BIRD, Lady Bird,
Are you looking for a nest?
You may choose around my
mansion
Any spot that suits you best.
'Neath the trellis in the garden
There's a shadow steeped in dew,
Neath the linden by the grotto
There's another out of view.

Lady Bird, Lady Bird,
Will you ever keep away?
Just so near, but never nearer,
Just to-day where yesterday;
While to me, with every moment
You have dearer, dearer grown,
Till at last, in all the valleys,
There's no music but your own.

Lady Bird

Lady Bird, Lady Bird,
I have paid you song for song ;
Not for all the sun shines over
Would I stoop to do you wrong.
Wing of gold and voice of silver,
Fly away forever free,
Or teach others half the music
That you might have made for me.

OH! THE YEAR HAS LOST
ITS LIGHT

O H! the year has lost its light,
Summer sun's no longer
bright,
Autumn drear and winter night,
Spring returns in vain :
Morn and eve must come and fly,
Month and year must still go by,
But the love-light of her eye
I ne'er shall see again.

Oh! the pale moon overhead
Feebly seeks her fleecy bed,
And the stars are dim and dead,
Voiceless is the sky :
All the future must be sold,
All the past remain untold,
Till the weary heart is cold —
Then for eternity !

Gabriel's Song

GABRIEL'S SONG

(From "Loretto")

I HEAR a sweet voice like the voice of a
bird,

The softest and sweetest that ever was
heard;

And it comes from the sky, from the blue,
blessed sky,

And it warbles, "Prepare, for the hour is nigh ;"
And that voice is meant for me.

Far, far away,
Ere another day,
Shall I be !

I see two sweet wings that are not of the earth,
That shall bear me aloft to the land of my birth,
Two glittering wings of the purest white,
With each feather enshrined in a circle of light ;

And those wings are meant for me.

Far, far away,
Ere another day,
Shall I be !

Gabriel's Song

O the blossoming stars were my playmates of
yore,
I shall skim the loved fields where I've sported
before,
And I know a bright spot where the angels are,
That is high above the highest star ;
 And that spot is meant for me.
 Far, far away,
 Ere another day,
 Shall I be !

A Lullaby

A LULLABY

SLEEP, my child, and when I slumber,
Do not wake and weep,
Another mother comes from heaven
To watch thee when I sleep.
Though perchance thou mayst not see her
She will still be nigh,
For she loves thee dearly, truly,
Better e'en than I.

Sleep, my child, thy heavenly mother
Hath no need of rest,
And ever with the night she cometh
To take thee to her breast.
Thus in joy and trust I slumber
When the day is done,
For this mother's name is Mary,
Jesus is her Son.

“Contraband Now”

“C O N T R A B A N D N O W ”

(Southern Negro Melody of the Civil War—1864.
Words and Music by George H. Miles)

UNCLE SAMBO'S a gwine to be
righted,
Uncle Sambo's a gwine to be free,
And dey say dat dis darkey's delighted
 Becos you white folks can't agree;
O dey say dat dis darkey's in clober,
 But 'deed I don't see it nohow;
Uncle Sambo's best days are all ober,
 He's only a Contraband now!

CHORUS

O dey say dat dis darkey's in clober,
 But 'deed I don't see it nohow;
Uncle Sambo's best days are all ober,
 He's only a Contraband now!
Uncle Sambo's best days are all ober,
 He's only a Contraband now!

“Contraband Now”

O dey say dis Fremount proclamation
Hab kick up de best sort ob fun,
But much as I lub 'mancipation,
I rader you two should stay one.
Mighty pleasant to vote wid our betters,
And pray wid white breddren, but yet,
I 'd rader go back to my fetters
Dan see dis old Union upset.

CHORUS

I 'd rader go back to plantation
And stick to de cotton and cane,
Dan dat Gin'ral Washington's nation
Should all hab been built up in vain.
O dey say wen de fightin 's all ober,
Nary slave will be left in de land,
But if dey fight on, by Jehober,
Dey 'll leave nary freeman on hand.

CHORUS

De last time I seen my old Massa
He 'd just bid old Missus good-bye;
His hand was right wet, for, I dar say,
He 'd just brushed a tear from his eye :

“Contraband Now”

One foot in his shiny steel stirrup,
One hand on de mane ob his Black,
He stammered out,—“Boys, you must cheer up
Old Missus, if I don’t git back.”

CHORUS

Old Missus de last time I met her
Dat sight made me feel berry sore,
She leanin’ agin de Palmetter,
He gallopin’ on to de war:
She went in and watched by de windo’
As long as his hoss she could see,
Den turned, wid a strange larf, and kindo’
Staggered and came to her knee.

CHORUS

May n’t Massa and Missus drop in here
W’en somebody settles dis war,
May n’t de banjo ob dear old Virginier
Be as sweet to New York as before?
O dey say dat dis darkey’s in clober,
But ’deed I don’t see it nohow;
Uncle Sambo’s best days are all ober,
He’s only a Contraband now.
Uncle Sambo’s best days are all ober,
He’s only a Contraband now.

God Save the South!

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH!

(Southern Anthem of the Civil War—1863)

GOD save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South!
For the great war is nigh,
And we will win or die,
Chanting our battle-cry,
Freedom or death!

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave!

God Save the South!

God make the right
Stronger than might;
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay thou their legions low.
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know,
God's on our side.

Hark honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South, awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake,
Freedom and Life!

Rebels before
Our fathers of yore,
Rebel the righteous name
Washington bore.
So, then, be ours the same,
Name that he snatch'd from shame,
Making it first in fame,
Foremost in war.

God Save the South!

War to the hilt,
Theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the freeman
To ransom the slave.
Up, then, and undismay'd,
Sheathe not the battle blade
Till the last foe is laid
Low in the grave !

God save the South,
God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now
Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove ;
Still keep the land we love
Safe from Thy wrath.

Where is the Freeman Found?

WHERE IS THE FREEMAN
FOUN D?

(Southern Battle Song and March of the Civil War—1863)

WHERE is the Freeman found,
When tyrants his home invade ?
Where is the holiest ground
When despots our hearths degrade ?
Here at the cannon's mouth,
On the red field,
Where the bayonet gleams,
And our young banner streams
Over men who have sworn not to yield !

CHORUS

Come, Brothers, Brothers, come,
Come to the cannon's mouth !
There is your only home,
Men of the sunny South.

Where is the Freeman Found?

Quick be the last kiss giv'n,
Stay not for bridal vow —
Sweet Peace has fled to Heav'n,
War is our watchword now ;
Then to the battlefield
All who are men,
And, with steel flashing forth,
Give our friends of the North
The greeting of Bethel again.

CHORUS

Lo, how their legions throng
Back to the fields they fled !
Say, shall they linger long
Lords of our laurelled dead ?
No, hurl the hireling back,
Back to his den !
And, sabre in hand,
March the foe from the land
To the quickstep of Bull Run again.

CHORUS

Ever since time began,
Freedom her banner rears
Red with the blood of man,
Radiant with woman's tears.
Then to the battlefield
All who are men ;

Where is the Freeman Found?

To the roll of our drums
Meet the foe as he comes
With the music of Ball's Bluff again.

CHORUS

Round them the vulture keeps
Haunting their gory path,
Over them frowning sweeps
God with his gather'd wrath !
Then to the battlefield
All who are men ;
By the dead we have lost,
Let them feel to their cost,
The vengeance of Shiloh again !

CHORUS

Maidens with torches lit
Stand by our goods and gear,
Wives with their wan brows knit,
Wait with the dagger bare ;
Then to the battlefield,
All who are men ;
We have graves still to spare,
As they 'll find, if they dare
Try the "Onward to Richmond" again !

CHORUS

THE DEVIL'S VISIT TO—

THE Devil told the damned, one day,
 To take some recreation,
For he had a visit of State to pay
 To a certain Corporation.

So he tucked up his tail and combed his hair
 And went to a certain town,
And says he, “Mister Mayor, it’s pretty clear
That my friend, the Plague, is coming here.”
“Pretty clear,” says the Mayor; “sit
 down.”

The Devil sat down. “My good sir,” says he,
“Your streets are as dirty as dirty can be.”
Here the Mayor gave a wink and said
 “Well?”
And the Devil resumed, “Don’t disturb the
 repose
Of the mud whose aroma is sweet as the rose,
 And—I’ll soften your pillow in Hell!”

The Devil's Visit To—

The bargain was struck, and the Devil made
 Haste back to his old domain ;
While the Mayor, grinning, said, “ Tho' I 'm
 half afraid
To stir a scraper or lift a spade,—
 I think I may pray for a rain.”

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